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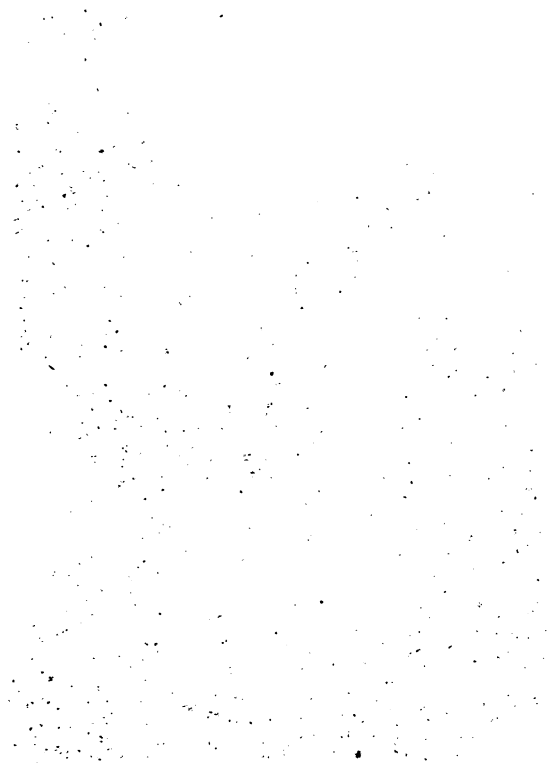
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The Child's own Annual.





Painted by Charles L. Eastlake.

Engraved by William Humphrey.

THE BRIGAND.

THE
CHILD'S OWN ANNUAL:
AN
ILLUSTRATED PRESENT
FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

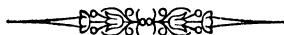
'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the bough's inclined.

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1843.



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Address.

IN stating that it is the intention of the Proprietors to continue this little work annually, we think it may not be amiss to address a few words to our youthful readers, before their attention is drawn to our pages of instruction and amusement.

You are now very young, but you are old enough to understand the words of kindness and love which you receive from your parents and friends. If a stranger were to come amongst you, and offer you fruits, or sweet-meats, or amusing toys, you would no doubt think him very kind, and you would very soon be led to love and admire him. Now, in this little work, we intend to present you annually, with things far more valuable than either toys or sweetmeats. You

will here find those seeds of knowledge, which, as you grow older, will ensure you the love and respect of all those whose esteem you should be desirous of possessing.

Now, in order to your becoming wise and good, two things are essentially necessary : good means of instruction, and a mind willing to learn and improve. The first requisite this little work is intended to supply. Here you will be taught the wonders of creation, and the mighty works of God : here you will learn some of the noble actions of great and good men, and also the faith and love to the Creator, from which these actions have sprung. In the amusing and interesting stories which you will here read, you will see how lovely and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity ; and in addition to these, you will find much other matter calculated at once to afford instruction and amusement to your enquiring minds.

You will thus be furnished with the means of knowledge ; but for a mind willing to learn and improve, you must look up to the Father of all, and seek His aid by loving him and earnestly desiring him to enlighten your minds and fill your hearts with a knowledge of His

will, not that you may appear superior to your fellows, and thus cherish pride, which is hateful to God, but that you may apply all you learn to good and useful purposes and thus become like those happy spirits who are before the throne of your heavenly Father and which the Bible tells us, are all ministering spirits, devoted to the good of their fellow creatures.

Ever bear in mind, my dear children, that in order to become wise and good, you must associate with those who are so. Shun then, all evil and vicious companions, love your parents, brothers, and sisters, and be ready at all times to serve and oblige them, speak the truth at all times, and be kind and attentive to all, doing always as much good as lies in your power, so shall you be happy in making others happy, and finally rejoice with the angels in God's presence for ever.

THE EDITOR.



**"A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY
NEW YEAR."**

What a dreary time is Winter ! How different to those bright joyous days when we used to wander over hill and dale ; when the birds sang so melodiously, and the daisy and buttercup beautified the bright green grass at our feet ! Now the branches are all bare, and the leaves are all dead ; there they lie, under those very arms on which they were born. There are very few flowers now to cheer us, and the woods are melancholy and desolate ; and the little robin red-breast hops from hedge to hedge after the red berries, and seems to long for the beautiful days of Summer !

But, if winter has its dreariness, it has also, its joys ; and, like every thing else that has been made for our use and happiness ; there are its corresponding hours of mirth and pleasure, to its silence and sorrow : but let us now take one little peep at the greatest joy of winter ; the brightest berry in his old garland. We have known little bright-eyed children look upon a nosegay of sweet wild-flowers in July, while wandering over the neighbouring fields, and long for the finest and sweetest : now let them, in cold January, while seated perhaps upon their mo-

ther's knee, or beside a blazing fire, look upon the nosegay of times and seasons, and devote a few moments to Christmas reflections. How we long for Christmas! and what scores of times in December we remind each other of the number of days wanting to complete its arrival! and when it *does* come, how our hearts leap with gladness! Little children come home for the holidays then; many coaches come rattling through the streets, many boys exchange many pence for many pea-shooters, and many peas to fire at the people as they pass: but, when they arrive at home! the coach stops, a loud knocking is heard at the door, out run four or five of the family, all so happy, and little George or little Robert is very soon in the arms of his mother; then what a happy home awaits him! There is the old picture of his great grandfather, ornamented with a large branch of laurel; and the walls of each parlour are all bedecked with red berries; nor is the ceiling forgotten, for there hangs a fine branch of mistletoe for George or Robert to kiss his little sister under! Mavor and Walkinghame are now forgotten, and snap-dragon and hunt-the-slipper reign triumphant. Little girls, too, spend long hours in telling their mothers how many nice walks they have had; how many marks for good spelling and reading; keeping awake at church, while governess fell asleep; remembering the texts, and so forth: oh, what a capital time is Christmas!

But, have any of our young readers ever thought seriously of the words at the head of this paper, "A MERRY CHRISTMAS?" Which, think you, sounds the best, "A MERRY CHRISTMAS," or "A HAPPY NEW YEAR?" If we told you, that we may be merry though very unhappy, and very happy though not so merry, we know what you would say, "A happy New Year, by all means!" Well, we think so too: but let us enquire into the meaning of "mirth and happiness." King Solomon once said "Even in laughter, the heart is sorrowful, and the end of *that* mirth is heaviness:" then, that is not the true mirth we are inquiring for. The rich man in the parable, you may remember, said to his soul, "Thou hast much good laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry:" but God said to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, *then* whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" That is not the true mirth, then, either. Now let us see what is,—what composes this true mirth: when there "is joy in heaven;" *that* is true mirth: when little children walk in their gardens, and sing

"How doth the little busy bee

"Improve each shining hour!"

that is true mirth; and, when the sun arises, and the dark clouds roll away, and the birds begin to sing their sweet songs of praise to God, *that* is true mirth. Thus we see that true mirth consists in lifting up ou

heart and voice in joy and thanksgiving ; forgetting the things of this world, and looking far beyond the blue sky, tuning our voices to the praise of Him who dwells in perpetual praise ; so should it be with Christmas.

What an affecting account, dear little ones, is that which you read of the birth of your Saviour ! The shepherds in Bethlehem were watching their sheep : it was night ; dark and dreary : they, perhaps, thinking of their homes and children, and regretting the hard nature of their employment : but in an instant they were alarmed ; they beheld a being not of earth near them, an angel from heaven ; and his glory was far too bright for their eyes to look upon : but he came, as he said, to bring good tidings of great joy to them and all people ; and when he had told the astonished shepherds where they should find this long promised Saviour, there suddenly was with the angel a multitude of other angels, praising God, and saying, or probably singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will, toward men !" Oh, *that, indeed*, was true mirth ! The songs of angels are full of mirth : holy and pure they are ; they dwell in perpetual happiness, and their mirth is perpetual also. We should not, then, at this dear time, waste our hours in riotous pleasure, but should endeavour to realise or enjoy that mirth which characterizes all good people. Christmas is the high-day of the year : whatever enjoyment we share after it, in whatever

pleasure we participate, this one day should be kept sacred, spent in holy conversation and sober reflection. Only think what a day it is, and whose birth you commemorate. We should be joyful, for it brought to us one, mighty indeed, who can alone make us happy: we should sit around our fires, and delight to talk of Him, who said "Suffer little children to come unto me:" and we should sing the simple songs of virtue and holiness, and endeavour to come as near to the angels as our fallen nature will allow. Then, indeed, Christmas-day would be a blessed holiday: only imagine, how much like heaven our country would be, if, during the whole day, songs of gratitude, and strains of sacred music, were heard in every house. Then, indeed, the New Year would be happy, for *that* is the happiness which can alone make us happy, because it makes us children of God.

Then we wish with all our heart that you may enjoy such a Christmas as this; you will be so delighted and so profited if you do, that you will desire to commence and to continue the new year in the same way:—When the old year shall have passed away, and the new one has arrived, you will also feel a new creature, you will long to know more of this Saviour who so loved you; you will long to be like him, you will long to be with him.

We often pass by a certain Church yard, and stop to read a small grave stone, which shows the last resting place on earth of several little children, five of one family;

the leaves dance over the graves there now, in dismal confusion ; and there used to be some old rooks in the trees, but it is cold winter-time, and they have gone away; but these little children sleep there still, they cannot now sit upon their mother's knee; they cannot listen to their father's story, they are singing now the praises of Him who was once a child like themselves; but we want to tell you what that gravestone says of one of them ; after stating his age, it adds the last words of Henry were

“ He sees what children dwell in love,

“ And marks them for his own.”

and often, when we are full of thought, and care, and anxiety, with the things of this world, we pass by that church yard, and stop to read that gravestone : we have read it over and over many times, yet, it always has something fresh and pleasing in it.

Would that we could take all by the hand who read this paper, and wish them “a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year!” Oh, that we could sit with them, and tell them all we know about Jesus! what he has done for them, what he is now doing for them, what he *can* do for them; we would have such a sweet party! We would sit in the midst, and then we would tell them such sweet stories, and would remind them of such a glorious world, to which, if they, also, “dwell in love,” they are destined! There is no winter there; the Redeemer of the whole human race reigns in power, and great glory; the Prince of peace, and the Saviour of mankind.

Then let us entreat you, dear children, to endeavour to love him : always be reading of him in your bibles ; always be thinking of him ; and, when you kneel down at your mother's lap, and put your little hands together in prayer ; pray to Him : He loved little children, and He still loves you ; you have not any such friend as He is. He only can make you really happy, here or hereafter, pray to Him ; draw near to Him, and he will draw near to you.

J. C.



NATURAL HISTORY.—NO. I.

THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant is the largest of quadrupeds ; his height being from eight to fourteen feet, his length is ten to fifteen feet. His form resembles that of a hog, his eyes are small and lively ; his ears are broad, long, and pendulous. He has two large tusks, and a trunk, or proboscis at the extremity of the nose, which he uses to take his food with, and, in cases of necessity, for attack or defence. With this he can untie the knots of ropes, open and shut gates, by turning the keys, or pushing back the bolts, and pick up even the smallest things from the ground. His sense of smelling is so acute that he

will discern food in the pocket of a spectator, and he can dexterously take it out with his proboscis. His legs are thick and long, and his feet are divided into five rounded toes. His colour is a dark ash brown: there are, however, elephants of a white, or cream colour.

In a state of nature, the elephant is neither fierce nor mischeivous, but peaceable, mild, and brave, and exerts its powers only in its own defence, or in defence of those of its own kind, with which it is social and friendly.

They often assemble in large troops; and, as they march, which is mostly in quest of food, the forests seem to tremble under them. In their passage they bear down the branches of trees, which, together with roots, herbs, and leaves, are their common food: they have no objection, however, to grain, and fruit, but will not eat either fish or flesh. In a state of captivity, they will drink ale, wine, and spiritous liquors, for which, indeed, they seem to have a strong predilection.

The young elephant is thirty years old before it attains its full growth. When the dam wants to cross a river with her young, she takes it up in her trunk, and carries it safely over. The engraving represents one of these huge animals swimming, with his driver, or mohout, and two other men on his back. The elephant, it is said, sometimes swims deep in the water; so very deep, that only the end of his trunk can be seen out of it; for he has the power, as you probably know, of breathing through the tip of his trunk. With this long tube for breathing through, he trusts himself fearlessly to his native rivers,

not only the smaller ones, but even the Nile, and the mighty Ganges. Where the water is not too deep, he can, of course, walk along on the bottom, only keeping the end of his trunk out of water.



There is sometimes not a little danger in crossing rivers on the back of the elephant, for the huge animal, unconscious of what may happen to his keeper and others, whom he carries, will often sink so low that the passengers are obliged to stand upright on the highest part of his body, exposed to be washed off by the current, or thrown off by any sudden jerk or motion which he may happen to make.

The elephant is so attached to its keeper, that the sight of him, even after the lapse of many years, will induce it to relinquish its recovered liberty, and return to a state of subjection. A female elephant, belonging

to a gentleman in India, broke away from her keeper, and was lost in the woods. The poor man was supposed to have sold the elephant, and the cruel consequence was, that his wife and family were sold for slaves, and he was sentenced to work on the roads. About twelve years afterwards, he was sent into the country, to assist in catching wild elephants. One day he fell in with a group, in which he thought he saw the elephant that had brought him into so much trouble, and he determined to go up to it, in spite of the remonstrances of his companions, who pointed out to him the danger of his rashness. But he persisted, and he was in the right. As soon as he came near the animal, she knew him, gave him three salutes, by waving her trunk, and then knelt to receive him on her back. She next helped to secure the other elephants, and also brought with her three young ones, which she had produced, during her absence. The innocence of the keeper was now acknowledged; and, as some atonement, for what he had suffered, an annuity was granted him for life.

The elephant is found in both Asia and Africa. In many parts of Asia, they are trained to carry burthens, and are made extremely useful.





LETTERS FROM SISTER JANE.

NO. I.

LISBON.

MY DEAR LITTLE CHILD,

I am sure you will be pleased to receive a letter from sister Jane, for I well remember when I was a little girl, being very much delighted with any thing that came from abroad, and although I have since learnt that there is no place like my own country, I think it proper for you to know something about the manners and customs of other nations, that you may be able to prize your home as you ought, for you enjoy many comforts that the Portuguese children know nothing about.

When I tell you that Oranges, Grapes, and Figs grow here in abundance, you will perhaps exclaim "I wish that I lived at Lisbon:" but again I am sure you would not say so, when you are told that the people here are very quarrelsome, very ignorant, and very dirty: now you know that no good children like to be dirty, and when folks are ignorant, they are made to believe many foolish stories. The other day I went over the Cathedral, which is a very beautiful building, and I was shewn by the priest an iron cage, in which were two large black crows: these he told me were several hundred years

old ; he said they were the very crows that piloted St. Antonio into Lisbon when he was shipwrecked ; the masts were carried away by the violence of the storm ; the sailors had left the ship, leaving the saint to perish, when two crows came to his aid ; one stood on the bow of the vessel, and the other on the stern, and guarded the ship safely into the harbour. This foolish story is believed by the poor Portuguese children, but I am sure you will not, neither did I at the time he told it me. After that I went into the church, and saw two or three dead bodies, without any coffins, lying on a shelf, which to me was a very shocking sight. I asked the reason of their lying there ? and was told that when the poor cannot afford to bury their relations, they take them to the church, where they lay until a saint's day, which is very frequent, and then the priest buries them without any fee. How much better are the poor people cared for in England, you will say ; and such, as you grow older, you will find to be the case.

I must now wish you good bye, my dear child, until the next packet sails for England, when you shall have a longer letter from, your affectionate sister,

JANE.





INFANTILE POEM

BY THE LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

WHEN I kneel down my prayers to say,
I must not think of toys or play;
No ! I must think what I should be,
To please God, who is good to me.

He loves to see a little child
Obedient—patient too—and mild;
Not often angry, but inclined
Always to do what's good and kind.

And I must love my dear mamma,
And I must love my dear papa;
And try to please them, and to do
Things that are right, and say what's true.

For God is always pleased to see
Even little children such as we,
Whose hearts (as angels' are above)
Are full of peace and full of love.





SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.—NO. I.



HISTORY OF ABRAHAM.

In commencing this series of Bible Histories, our only aim is to place before our young readers, a simple narrative of the most interesting characters mentioned in that Sacred Book; we wish to interest and familiarise their opening minds, with the contents of that blessed volume, and as they grow in stature, so may their minds grow in the knowledge and love of God.

More than three thousand years ago, when almost all the inhabitants of the earth had left the worship of the living God, and had become worshippers of the sun, moon, and stars, and of various idols, of their own invention; it pleased God, in order to preserve faith in, and love to the Maker, from being totally lost, to appear to Abraham, a Chaldean, a man who was seriously desirous of knowing and doing what was just and right,—to command him to leave his kindred and friends, and go into a distant country. Abraham was at that time seventy-five years of age, and very rich in cattle, in which the chief possessions of those early times consisted. He, without doubt or hesitation, prepared to do as God required him; and, with his wife Sarai, his nephew Lot, his father Terah, their families, flocks, and servants, departed from their homes and kindred. Having proceeded on their journey about half way to the land of Canaan, Terah, the father of Abraham, died in Haran, he being then very old. Abraham, together with Lot and their families, continued their journey, according to the direction of Him, whom they knew would lead them to a place of rest.

We have already told you that Abraham was rich in cattle, therefore water and pasturage were of the utmost importance; and his servants finding several springs, digged wells, which caused much dispute between the original inhabitants of the land, and the new comers. During this time, Abraham was not free from trouble and vexation. The riches of himself and Lot increased

so much that the land was not sufficient for their numerous flocks, and disputes arose between their respective herdsmen. Abraham, however, who loved peace, proposed that Lot should take his choice of that part of the land he wished to occupy, and he would be content with the remainder, adding what should be imprest upon the minds of all, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, for we be brethren." After this generous offer, Lot acted in a way which we hope none of our young readers will imitate; instead of humbly asking the advice of his uncle, who was older, and possessed much greater experience than himself, he chose what he supposed the best of the land; and as a consequence of his rashness and selfishness, brought himself into much trouble, and the greater danger of his life. He went to reside in Sodom, and a war ensued, in which he was taken prisoner. War is both a dreadful evil, and also a great sin; but it was not considered such in the time of Abraham, who armed his servants and neighbours, and pursued the conquerors; and as he acted from good motives, and, as the will of God, as to the sinfulness of war was not then made known, it pleased God to give him a complete victory; and he received all the goods and persons whom those wicked kings had taken from their homes. Abraham refused any reward from the king of Sodom, for the services he had rendered, but he received what was far better; Melchizedek, the most pious man in the whole world, came to him, and blessed him, in the name of God, saying,

“Blessed be Abraham, of the most high God, possessor of heaven and earth; and blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thine hand.”

Although Abraham was truly good and pious, yet he sometimes did wrong; twice he told a lie to save himself from a supposed danger; and by this he disgraced his character, and brought himself into trouble, for it is a merciful decree of our heavenly father, that if his children do wrong, they shall find trouble, in order that they may be brought to repentance and amendment.

Abraham was also sorely afflicted in another way: though very rich he had no child. It was not known in those days, that to have more wives than one was contrary to the will of God, so he at the desire of Sarai married her handmaid, by whom he had a son, named Ishmael; of whom, and his mother, we shall have a most interesting story to tell you in our next. At length God appeared to Abraham, as he had often done before, and told him that he should have a son by Sarai. At the same time he entered into a sacrament with him, telling him that his seed should inherit the land in which he was a stranger, and commanded that the sacrament of circumcision should be administered to all his male posterity, at four days old. He also changed his name from Abram to Abraham, which in the Hebrew language means, “Father of a great multitude;” and that of Sarai he also changed to Sarah, signifying a princess, as a token of his especial favour. Before the birth of Isaac, which took place when Abraham was one hundred

years old, and Sarah ninety years of age, the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire, of which we shall give you an account in the history of Lot. When Isaac was born, you may be sure that it caused his father and mother great joy, and no doubt he was brought up with much care, and well instructed by his excellent parents. And we shall find that their labour was not in vain: he grew up to be a good and pious young man. But we must now tell you of a severe trial which Abraham was called upon to endure: when Isaac was come to man's estate, God told Abraham to take him to a certain mountain, and there offer him up for a burnt sacrifice. This was a dreadful trial, which nothing but faith in God's goodness could have enabled him to sustain. He could not tell how God's promises were to be fulfilled, if Isaac lost his life; but he knew that he was faithful who had promised, and he could as easily raise his son from the dead, as he could give him a son in his extreme old age,—and, with a heart torn with anguish, he went forth to obey the inexplicable command of God. “And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering; and rose up, and went into the place, of which God had told him.” After journeying three days, they arrived at the appointed place. Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood;” and then, doubtless, kissing his beloved

son, who made no resistance, and promising to give his dying love to his heart-broken mother, "he stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son."

We see the tears roll down your cheeks, as you ask, "And did the good God really let Abraham kill Isaac?" No, my dear young readers; the whole was designed as a trial of his faith, and in the moment when he was just ready to evince his obedience, an holy angel was commissioned to present the offering; "And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham: and he said here am I. And he said, Lay not thine hands upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me. And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, behind him, a ram caught in a thicket, by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering, in the stead of his son." And this blessing was pronounced from heaven, "By myself have I sworn with the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed, as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice."

There is little more to add to this highly interesting history: shortly after this time, Abraham's beloved wife, Sarah, died, and she "was buried in the cave

of the field of Machpeleh, before Mamre." He saw Isaac his son married to one of his kindred ; and finally he died in the favour of God, and the esteem of good men, surrounded by his family ; and was buried by his sons Isaac and Ishmael, beside his wife Sarah.

From this instructive history, let us learn the following most useful lessons ; first, that faith in God, and obedience to his commands, are the only sure ways to prosperity and happiness, both in this world and the next ; secondly, that all who do wrong, will certainly bring themselves into trouble and danger,—and that the way of duty is the only safe way ; thirdly, that the will of God is the duty of all young persons,—and that without such obedience, the blessing of the Lord Jesus cannot reasonably be expected ; and lastly, that as Abraham in his character represents the principles of love and obedience, so that principle should be the life of our spirit, and the director of our conduct, that so the will of God may by us be done on earth, as it is done in heaven.

ALPHA.





LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Sporting through the forest wide ;
Playing by the water-side ;
Wandering o'er the heathy fells ;
Down within the woodland dells ;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child !
In the baron's hall of pride ;
By the poor man's dull fireside :
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers, that spring up fair,
Bright, and countless, everywhere !

In the far isles of the main ;
In the desert's lone domain ;
In the savage mountain-glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men ;

Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone ;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found !

Blessings on them ! they in me
Move a kind of sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears ;
With their laughter, and their tears ;
With their wonder, so intense,
And their small experience !

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known ;
'Mid its labours, and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings, and its snares.
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love, and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod :
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide !





OCEOLA NIKKANOCHEE,
PRINCE OF ECONCHATTI.



The above engraving represents a young Seminole Indian Prince, who, in 1836, at the early age of six years, was taken prisoner by the American forces, during

the prosecution of a most unjust and cruel war, which they were at that time waging against the Indians, in Florida, for the purpose of wresting from them their pleasant hunting places, and the country which they had always considered as their own.

His father was named Econchatti-mico, which means king of the red-hills. He had, however, resigned the command of his tribe to his younger brother, Oceola, (rising-sun,) who distinguished himself much by his bravery and humanity, during two years that he headed his tribe against the Americans ; and who was at length most treacherously entrapped by his enemies, he having come under the protection of a flag of truce, for the purpose of making arrangements for the termination of the war,—when he and his brave band having placed their rifles against a tree, they were surrounded by a band of armed soldiers, and thus fell powerless into the hands of their enemies. Poor Oceola, his wife and son, were thus taken prisoners, and a short time afterwards he died in prison,

Although Prince Econchatti was only five years old when first taken prisoner, he has not forgotten the scenes he then witnessed. After being taken prisoner with a party of Indians, the woman who had the care of him managed to make her escape during the night, but a short time afterwards he was re-captured. The following is the account, as told by himself. “ He, with his father and some more Indians, were travelling, and came to a house which was deserted ; in the garden

belonging to which, some sweet potatoes were growing : he had been carried on the back of a man that had some other children, who let him down outside the fence, and then clambered with the other men into the potatoe ground. They had none of them tasted food that morning. Almost immediately, they were alarmed by soldiers, and the Indians quickly returned over the fence, when Oceola saw his father beckoning him to come on ; but the white people came so quickly, that he was obliged to join the rest in their flight.

“ There was a rivulet which the Indians all leaped, and in attempting to follow them, he partly gained the opposite bank, but fell back into it ; he got up and reached the other side, when he tripped against a vine-root, and again fell ; on getting up and running forward, he could see none of his companions, except an old Indian, who did not appear to see him. He continued his flight ; he was not yet frightened, as he fancied he was following his people. He continued along the road, and saw the tracks of baggage waggons, and picked up a musket ball ; after this he saw no signs of the way his people had gone, and then he says he ‘ began not to like it much.’ He soon after came in sight of a small village, or settlement of the whites ; he therefore struck out of the road, and skulked along at some distance behind the bushes, so as to keep himself out of sight. He obtained the road again, and late in the afternoon came to a deserted house, adjoining which there was a peach-orchard. Having had no breakfast, nor eaten,

nor drunk during the whole day, he went in and satisfied his hunger with peaches ; he took a few away with him in the front part of his dress. It was getting dark when he left the peach-orchard, and he had not gone far before he heard a noise ; looking round him he saw soldiers at a distance ; he then ran with all his might, the soldiers galloped after him, he soon saw they were getting too near, he therefore struck off the road, and hid himself in the grass ; he saw some of them come up and stop near his hiding place, but one of them had marked him, and rode directly to the place of his concealment, and calling out to the other men, leaped from his horse and took him by the arm ; Oceola then began to cry thinking he was about to be killed, at the same time he offered one of his peaches, hoping that might save his life.

“ The soldier took it and smiled, then returned it to him, and taking him up in his arms, mounted his horse and placed him behind him ; they then proceeded and took him to a house, where they gave him a bowl of milk and a blanket, then went up stairs to bed ; he drank the milk feeling very hungry, and then wrapped himself in the blanket before a good fire and fell asleep.”

Such, my dear children, is the account given by Oceola of his capture by the whites ; we are sure all our young readers will feel very sorry that he did not escape from his cruel pursuers,—they will also, no doubt, feel much for his misfortune, in being thus torn from his parents ; but when we assure them, that he is also a kind and

good child, they will love him as a brother, although his skin is darker than their own; and we hope for the sake of dear little Oceola, they will ever think kindly of the poor Indian.

Although he was now a prisoner and separated from all those who had before loved him, it pleased a good Providence to raise him up friends even amongst his enemies, instead of being conveyed a prisoner to headquarters, he was sent by Colonel Warren to his private house at Jacksonville, who afterwards removed him to his country residence, where he passed a year with the Colonel's own children; with whom he ate, drank, and slept, and soon engaged the kindly feelings and affections of the whole establishment.

On their return to Jacksonville, he became the frequent visitor of an English gentleman, who felt such an interest in his welfare, that he shortly after adopted him as his son, and fearing, if he remained, he might be claimed by the American government, he thought it advisable to have him removed to England, whither he accompanied him, and they arrived at Liverpool on the 2d of July, 1840.

During the passage, Occola became the darling of the sailors, who were delighted with his exploits and agility in climbing the rigging to the top of the masts,—and on landing, they reluctantly parted with him. Since he has been in London, he has met with the most flattering marks of attention from persons of rank and respectability. His chief amusements during his leisure moments

from school, has been to visit Mr. Catlin's exhibition, at the Egyptian-hall, of which we shall have to tell our young readers some interesting stories in our succeeding numbers.

The following anecdote of his daring, will, we are sure, be read with pleasure. It is related by his guardian, in a very amusing volume which he has published, containing every particular concerning this very interesting character, to which we are indebted for the substance of this article, as also for the engraving,—for which we gladly acknowledge our obligation.

He says, "I once watched with pleasure and anxiety his manœuvres with an alligator not less than twelve feet long, with which he was playfully amusing himself; he had thrown aside his dress, as was his custom in hot weather, whilst fishing on the banks of St. John's river. The large amphibious monster moved stealthily along at the water's edge, and the boy would now and then wait within a few feet of his greedy foe—and as it advanced he would feign fear and retreat a few paces, then again watch quietly the approach of the hideous creature, poisoning a small spear which he always carried with him when seeking for fish. At length, knowing the habits of those animals, I perceived the alligator, in right earnest, preparing for his deadly attack; I therefore sprung forward, and saved the boy from the impending danger; my presence alarmed the alligator, when without making a ripple on the surface, it sank to the bottom of the river. I interrogated the boy as to his intentions,

had the alligator molested him, he replied with perfect confidence and unconcern, 'I would have hit him right in the eye,' suiting with his spear the action to the word. This weapon he used with wonderful precision and skill. The eyes of soles, when their bodies are covered with mud, are visible to none but a keen and practised observer. These fish I have seen him strike accurately with his spear, and raise them triumphantly in the air."

Such, my dear young readers, is the history of Oceola Nikkanochée, Prince of Econchatti.

THE EDITOR.



THE CHILD'S OWN LIBRARY.

Parlour Magic. square 16mo. p.p. 183. Whitehead and Co.

The design of this interesting volume is to furnish the ingenious youth with the means of relieving the tediousness of a long winter's, or a wet summer's evening,—to enable him to provide for a party of juvenile friends, instructive as well as recreative entertainment, without having recourse to any of the vulgar modes of killing time, to qualify the hero of his little circle to divert and astonish his friends, and, at the same time, to improve himself.



PICTURES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.—No. 1.



The Ancient Britons.



IN order that our young readers may know something of the early history of their own country, it is our intention to furnish them with a series of Pictures, illustrative of English History ; and, in doing so, we hope to be able both to instruct and amuse them. Young people are apt to suppose that history is a dull and uninteresting study ; it will therefore be our aim, in these short pictures, to shew them that history may be very

interesting, at the same time that it is highly instructive. We cannot, indeed, promise to be very entertaining, at the outset—but, we trust, that after the exercise of a little patience, our young friends will begin to be pleased with their progress, and feel desirous of proceeding in it.

The earliest accounts of England are involved in much doubt and obscurity ; we have, however, good reason for believing that the British islands were known to some of the earliest nations. The Phœnecians were in the habit of coming to our shores, and trading with the natives of Cornwall for tin. In return for this metal, so highly prized by the ancients, the Britons received articles of inferior value to the importers, but of high estimation to an uncivilized people,—namely,—salt, for the preservation of provisions ; earthenware, for domestic use ; and brass, for the manufacture of arms and ornaments : and, in consequence of this traffic, our islands appear to have been called for some time the *Cassiterides*, or *Tin Islands*.

The engraving, at the beginning of this article, represents the ancient Britons, who were the inhabitants of our island at the time of the first Roman invasion, fifty-five years before the birth of our Saviour. We now intend to tell our young readers something of their habits and customs, at that period. But before we go back 1896 years, which is the interval between that epoch and the date of the present year, we will ask our young friends to look around them, and attentively consider the state and aspect of the country in which they

live. In its towns and cities, let them observe the elegance and convenience of the dwellings; the shops, teeming with comforts, and with luxuries; the well-dressed and intelligent population; the churches; the manufactories; the ships and steam vessels that plough the ocean; the railroads, which intersect the country in every direction. How surprising indeed is the variety of objects which we are too much accustomed to regard, without reflecting upon the vast mass of wealth, labour, and ingenuity, which has been brought into action for its production. In the rural districts, it is even yet more wonderful to observe,—how the immediate handy-works, as it were of the Creator, are capable of improvement, from the taste and industry of his creatures. There we behold the earth, pouring forth her increase at the command of man, who regulates and prescribes the exact nature of her produce,—wild flowers transferred to his gardens, and displaying, under his culture, a beauty far surpassing that of their natural blossoms,—fruits and plants of other climes, so naturalized to our own, as to become an inseparable portion of its productions,—mountains levelled or excavated, and ruins restrained within defined limits, or controlled for mechanical purposes,—and after this survey, during which, much more than we can attempt to suggest, will meet the eye of an intelligent observer, let us endeavour to call to mind the state of this beautiful and flourishing land, when the Romans were first tempted to explore its unknown shores. From their historians, we gain the

earliest information which can be relied upon, relative to our own country ; and the accounts given by those writers, might well lead us to suppose that they are speaking of some other quarter of the globe,—remote, and widely differing from that, in which we dwell.

We learn from the Roman histories that the population of the whole island consisted of above forty tribes : they speak of all the natives as barbarians. Though far removed from the elegance and refinement of their invaders, the tribes living to the south of the island might almost claim the praise of civilization, in comparison with their northern brethren. Their dress was of their own manufacture ; it consisted of a square mantle, which covered a vest and trowsers, or a deeply plaited tunic of braided cloth ; the waist was encircled with a belt ; rings adorned the second finger of each hand, and a chain of iron or brass was suspended from the neck. Their dwellings were constructed on a foundation of stone, which supported a circular wall of timber and reeds, over which was thrown a conical roof, pierced in the centre, for the two-fold purpose of admitting light, and discharging the smoke. They possessed considerable skill in husbandry, growing more corn than was necessary for their own consumption, which they stored in the cavities of rocks, to preserve till the following harvest. Beyond the borders of the southern tribes, these slight traces of civilization gradually disappeared. The midland and western natives were unacquainted with either agriculture or manufactures. Their riches

consisted in the extent of their pastures, and the number of their flocks. With milk and flesh they satisfied the cravings of hunger—and, clothed in skins, they bade defiance to the inclemency of the seasons. But even sheep were scarcely known to the more northern parts; and the hordes of savages who roamed through the wilds of Caledonia, often depended for support on the casual produce of the chase. They went almost naked; and sheltered themselves from the weather under the cover of the woods, or in the caves of the mountains. Their situation had hardened both their minds and bodies: it had made them patient of fatigue and privation, but it had also taught them to be rapacious, cruel, and revengeful.

Like all savage nations, they delighted in ornament. One strange practice, that of painting the body, seems to have prevailed in many parts of the island. For this purpose, the northern tribes employed the juice of a plant called woad,—a blue dye, still in common use with our dyers,—which gave to them the appearance of Ethiopians. The more northern tribes adopted the barbarous practice of tattooing the body. At an early age, the outlines of animals were impressed with pointed instruments on the skin; a strong infusion of woad juice was then rubbed into the punctures, and the figures expanding with the growth of the body, retained their original appearance through life. The Briton was vain of this hideous ornament, and he was always careful to throw off his clothes on the day of battle, to exhibit it to the eyes of his enemies.

The religion of the natives was that of the druids : they adored, under different names, the same gods as the Greeks and Romans. On the oak they looked with peculiar reverence : this monarch of the forest, from its strength and durability, was considered as the most appropriate emblem of the Divinity : the tree, and its productions, were deemed holy ; to its trunk was bound the victim destined for slaughter ; and of its leaves were formed the chaplets worn at the time of sacrifice. If it chanced to produce the mistletoe, the whole tribe was summoned : two white heifers were sacrificed under its branches, the principal druid cut the sacred plant with a knife of gold, and a religious feast terminated the ceremonies of the day.

The druids were accustomed to dwell in huts, or caverns, amid the silence and gloom of the forest. There, at the hours of noon and midnight, when the Deity was supposed to honour the sacred spot with his presence, the trembling votary was admitted within a circle of lofty oaks to prefer his prayer. In peace, they offered the fruits of the earth ; in war, they devoted to the god of battles, the spoils of the enemy. The cattle were slaughtered in his honour ; and a pile formed of the rest of the booty, was consecrated as a monument of his powerful assistance. But, in the hour of distress, human sacrifices were deemed the most efficacious.

The druids were held in great veneration by the Britons. They professed to be the depositories of a mysterious science, far above the comprehension of the

vulgar ; and their schools were open to none but the sons of the most illustrious families. Such was the fame of the British druids, that the druids of Gaul did not disdain to study in their schools. A long course of preparation was required, and we are told that many had the patience to spend no less than twenty years in this state of probation. They enjoined the strictest secrecy from their disciples, to whom each precept was delivered in verse by the teacher, and that the profane might not become acquainted with their mysteries, the use of letters was prohibited.

The great objects of the order were, according to themselves, "to reform morals, to secure peace, and to encourage goodness:" for which purpose, they inculcated the following lesson, "The three first principles of wisdom are—obedience to the laws of God—concern for the good of men—and fortitude under the accidents of life." They also taught the immortality of the soul.

In public and private deliberations of any moment, their opinion was always asked, and usually obeyed. By their authority, peace was preserved ; at their mandate, contending armies consented to sheathe their swords. The punishment for crime was reserved to their justice ; whoever disobeyed their decree was interdicted from their sacrifices, which, with them, was the severest punishment. Their authority was enforced by a singular custom. Just as winter began, on a certain day, every family in Britain was compelled to extinguish their fires, and to pass the night in cold and darkness. On the

following day, an offering was carried to the nearest druid, and fire was procured from the sacred altar. No evasion was allowed; the mysterious beings whom they were taught to believe inhabited every object of creation, would, it was supposed, give information of any act of disobedience to the druids. An interdicted person was deemed both impious and wicked; all fled from him, and avoided his presence and conversation, lest they should be contaminated by the interview. The druids obeyed one chief, who had supreme authority over them: they had also great privileges; they neither paid taxes, nor engaged in war.

The priests were divided into three classes,—druids, ovates, and bards. The first regulated the laws and religion of the country; the second seem to have been engaged chiefly in the instruction of youth; and the third were musicians and poets, who composed verses, and sang the heroic deeds of great warriors. The official dress of the druid was a flowing white robe; the bard was clothed in sky blue,—regarded as the colour of peace; the ouate, or ovate, wore a dress of bright green, and carried a staff.

We have now told our young friends what the country was fifty-five years before the birth of Christ; in our next we shall have to tell them about the Invasion of Julius Cæsar, which took place at that time.

THE EDITOR.



BELEM CASTLE.

Letters from Sister Jane.

NO. II.

LISBON.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I embrace this opportunity of writing to you, with much pleasure, as I feel sure you will be pleased to hear again from sister Jane.

I concluded my last letter with an account of the miserable condition of the poor Portuguese, after death. I will now tell you something about the costume of the people at Lisbon. The women wear no bonnets, but a white starched muslin handkerchief round their heads, and the rest of their persons wrapped in a brown cloth cloak, with a large cape, notwithstanding the weather is so hot. The dress of the men consists of a coarse woollen cap, a jacket and trousers of coarse blue cloth, and a red sash bound round their waists; the boatmen and fishermen wear a coarse white cotton shirt, and short trowsers of the same, but no shoes or stockings.

I went yesterday to see the Queen's Palace, and have sat upon the throne of Portugal. The building is a very fine one, but it is in an unfinished state, the government being too poor to complete it; so you see, my dear child, that even queens may be poor, as well as other persons.

I have also been to see a most beautiful Church, at Belem, called the Church of St. Jeronomie, and saw the coffins of two or three of the Kings of Portugal. They were covered with red cloth, and very handsomely trimmed with silver. The churches are very rich; but it seems to me the people must be impoverished to support them with so much wealth.

I have also been for a sail up the Tagus, which is a very noble river. Lisbon looks very well viewed from it; it is built upon several hills, which makes it very fatiguing to walk, there being no foot pavement as in England. The shops have no windows, but a pair of folding doors, which stand open all the day, and give light to the shop, as well as serving for an entrance.

Lisbon is chiefly supplied with water, by a noble aqueduct, of white marble, which unites two rocky hills across the valley of Alcantara. The arches are supported by square pillars, and are so high, that a fifty-gun ship might pass under them. This is the noblest structure, of the kind, which has been erected in Europe since the time of the Romans:—the discovery that fluids, when conducted through pipes, will rise to nearly their level,—superseding the utility of such stupendous structures.

I must now conclude this letter; I will, however, write to you again by the next packet. Until then, good bye,—God bless you, my dear child.

I remain, your affectionate sister,

JANE.



Lessons in Botany.

“ And he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop, that springeth out of the wall.”

I. WHAT BOTANY IS.

Botany is a charming study—so every one says who has studied it—and so we think you will say and believe, by the time you have taken half a dozen lessons in it. Some children and youth think it only fit for older persons ; but this is a great mistake. Among the thousands of our readers, there is not probably one who cannot learn something about it, and who would not be delighted with it.

If you live in the country, you cannot visit a brook, or a meadow, or a mountain, or even walk along the way-side, from May to October, without passing many plants or flowers, or both. Every one of these opens a world of wonders to those who study Botany ; while those who do not, often go along, and never see them ; or, if they just see them, they seem not to take much more notice of them, than the lambs or the pigs do. Did not He, who made both us and the flowers, intend that we should be better acquainted with each other ?

If you live in a city, and never go out of it in your whole life, you may also see a great many plants and

flowers. Your friends will have house-plants, or gardens ; or the men will come along with whole cart-loads of them to sell ; or you may see them in the various public gardens.

Perhaps, indeed, you love to look at flowers, and to play with them,—just as you would love to examine and play with a beautiful piece of calico, or an elegant picture ; and then when you have looked at them a little while, you love to tear them in pieces ! But, if this is all you care about them, you are not yet Botanists.

We are to begin to-day, our lessons in this interesting science. We are to tell you about the study of trees, bushes, briars, vines, grapes, grains, weeds, and mosses,—and, especially about their flowers. For mosses that grow on fences, and the rough bark of huge trees, and even on the rocks, have flowers on them, as much as the rose bush, or the magnolia—only they are so small, that you cannot see them with the naked eye. You must look closely with a magnifying glass, and then you can see them.

There are thirty thousand kinds of plants known in the world, and of course, as many sorts of flowers. Now, as there are millions and millions of some of these kinds, what an innumerable multitude of flowers there must be in the whole world !

Let us walk into the orchard. The apple-trees are not yet in full bloom, but the blossoms *begin* to appear. You see them in the buds : and the buds are just beginning to swell. They will open in a few days—and

then—O what a beautiful sight! Let us walk on: see! almost every tree will blossom: there will be hundreds, and even thousands, on a single tree; and on some large trees, tens of thousands.

If there are no more than 5000 blossoms on each tree in the orchard, and, if there are 200 trees, how many blossoms are there in the whole orchard? Is it not a million? But, if there are, in the whole, half a million of such orchards in England—and it is very possible that there are—and they were all as full of blossoms as this tree,—what a host of them! Five hundred thousand millions of apple blossoms alone, is surely no small matter. Who could count them all, if he could come at them? It would probably take a person 5000 years—as long as from the time of Adam to this hour—to count 500,000,000,000.

Do you know how plants grow? But we must first tell you how animals grow, for they grow a little alike. The food which we eat, if it is *good* food, makes blood: the blood, soon after it is made, gets into the heart, which is hollow, and can hold a quantity of it. Then the heart drives it out, with great force, and sends it to all parts of the body, whence it comes back again, in a few minutes, to the heart.

Now, the hollow pipes, in which the heart sends out this blood, have some resemblance to the trunk of a tree; and the thousand branches, large and small, into which it divides, resemble very closely, the branches. So far, then, there is a resemblance; for water, or sap, gets into

the roots of a tree, and then the roots send it—or it goes—into all the branches ; yes, into the very smallest of them, and to all the leaves, flowers, and fruit. And this sap it is that makes them grow, just as the blood makes all the parts of animals grow. You have, then, to compare the heart of an animal, with the root of a plant ; and, the great artery, that carries out the blood—with its numerous branches—to the trunk and branches of a tree.

Of what use are plants to man ? Our bread, and almost all our food—except meat—grow on vegetables ; and, we should have no meat without them,—for animals feed on vegetables. They cannot eat stones, or dirt. We could have no houses, but for trees—for it is trees of which boards are made : and those people who live where there is no coal, would freeze in the winter, and be obliged to eat their victuals raw in the summer, if it were not for trees.

Many of our garments are made of flax, and cotton, you know ; but both of these are plants. Ropes, too, are made of flax, or hemp ; and hemp again is a plant.

Besides all this, many plants are useful as medicines. A large part—indeed, almost all the medicines that you can see in an apothecary's shop, are either plants of some kind,—or made from them.

THE EDITOR.





To a Child

ON HIS ASKING THE QUESTION, "WHY DOES THE SUN
GO DOWN?"

BY THOMAS RAGG.

"Why does the sun go down?"

Thy infant lips exclaim,
As thou gazest on the departing orb,
While heaven seems wrapt in flame.
It goes to cheer another sphere,
Make other hills look bright,
And chase away from distant realms
The hovering shades of night.

"Why does the sun go down?"

Perchance thou soon mayst say,
As the fond bright dreams of childhood's years
Are vanishing away.

Those fairy dreams desert thee now,
And their magic charms are riven,
To show the earth is at best but dark,
And light proceeds from heaven.

“Why does the sun go down?”
Perhaps thou mayst whisper too,
As the warmer beams of youthful love
Are flitting fast from view,
To bid thee fix thy heart on things
Beyond the gulf of time,
And never expect enduring bliss
In the earth’s ungenial clime.

“Why does the sun go down?”
Thou mayst ask in deeper gloom,
When the hand that writes these verses now,
Is laid in the silent tomb :
And O may heaven this sacred truth
Stamp deep on thy bosom then,—
It does but quit the scene awhile,
In glory to rise again !





Lessons in Astronomy.



“ The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.”

1, THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

When we look around us, and see the various objects
of nature,—the glorious sun, moon, and stars—the

trees and plants—the mountains, hills, and plains—together with the mighty ocean—with all the hosts of living creatures that the world contains; and, especially, when we look at ourselves, and consider how “fearfully and wonderfully we are made,”—the first thought that presents itself to us is—how powerful and good must that Being be, who has made, and who preserves the whole. We have no doubt but that this just and natural reflection has been often present to the minds of our young readers, and it is to improve their acquaintance with those subjects that these articles are composed, for their instruction and delight.

You are too young to understand the deep mysteries of the order of creation, but you are quite old enough to observe the sun shining in his glory—the moon walking in brightness—and the hosts of stars that shine so brilliantly, like golden lamps, in a clear winter’s evening. These you have observed, no doubt, many times; and we hope you are desirous to know something about them. Now that desire is most proper; and, as we hope you are good children, and will pay great attention to all you read, we shall endeavour to make the subject so plain, that you cannot possibly make a mistake about it.

You must not suppose that this earth, on which we live, is the only world which God has made for the abode of his rational creatures. Mankind, for many thousands of years, were of this opinion; but the discoveries of modern science have demonstrated it to be erroneous. Indeed, it would be below the wisdom, and the love of

God, to have confined his power—to bless and make happy—to one little globe, when he could with equal ease, bestow his favours upon millions. In fact, this world is only a small part—a mere point—in the vast universe of worlds, by which we are surrounded. We shall shew you, by and by, that every star is a sun, giving life and light to surrounding globes, as our sun does to us; and, in the mean time, we request each of our readers to impress upon their minds and memories, the following beautiful lines,

“ Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing unheard
By mortal ear ; the glorious architect,
In this, his universal temple, hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul,—at once
The temple and the preachers.”

We shall now proceed to explain what is called the solar system. The engraving at the head of this article represents the sun, with the various planets, &c. revolving round him in their respective orbits, and will, if attentively considered, convey to the youthful mind, a tolerably correct idea of the way in which the various bodies, composing the solar system, move round their parent luminary.

We have said that every star is a sun. That glorious luminary, which makes our day, is one of them ; and is millions of millions of miles nearer to us than the nearest of the stars. The sun is surrounded by eleven bodies, called planets ; which revolve, or go round him, as their

centre—in a greater or less period of time, according to their greater or less distance from him—and which revolution determines the length of their year. These planets have been named—1, Mercury—2, Venus—3, Earth—4, Mars—5, Juno—6, Vesta—7, Pallas—8, Ceres—9, Jupiter—10, Saturn—11, Herschel, or Georgium Sidus—and their annual path round the sun is called their orbit. These orbits are not circular, but elliptical, or longer one way than the other, so that the planet in one part of its orbit is much nearer to the source of day than in another part.

Besides their annual motion round the sun, each of the planets has a daily motion round its own centre, which is called its axis, and which causes the grateful vicissitudes of day and night. You may illustrate these two motions, by a very simple experiment. Place a candle in the centre of a hoop, so as to have the lower half depressed, and the higher half raised twenty-three and-a-half degrees ; then suspend an orange by a string, and as you carry it slowly round the hoop, it will represent the planets' annual path in the heavens : you will find that the orange slowly turns round, so that every part of it is alternately enlightened by the candle, and involved in darkness, which will represent to you the succession of day and night.

Besides the sun, and the eleven planets, the solar system consists of eighteen satellites, or moons, and an unknown number of comets. The satellites are secondary planets, which revolve round some of the primary

ones, in the same manner as these latter do round the sun : the earth has one—Jupiter, four—Saturn, seven—Herschel, six—and others may yet be discovered. The comets are probably worlds, in an early state of their formation ; or they may be connecting links designed to bring the whole universe together, by some law of infinite wisdom, at present unknown to us.

In our future articles, we shall explain each of these particulars to you, more at large, and shall tell you many things, which will excite your wonder, and lead you, we would hope, to a more fervent trust in, and love for, your Creator. Let what you have now learnt, impress upon your minds, these important truths :—that as without the heat and light of the sun, animal and vegetable life could not continue to exist,—so, neither can the soul of man enjoy true life, but by the influence of the love and truth of God, as shewn in the works of creation and Providence, and in the Sacred Scriptures :—and, that as the beauty and perfection of the universe depends upon its several parts,—so the beauty and utility of society, and especially of the family at home, can only be secured by every one doing his duty, and filling his appointed station, from proper and right ends.

In our next, we shall explain to you, various matters connected with the sun.

S.





Susan Bates,

OR FIRST GOING TO CHURCH.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

I was born and brought up in a house in which my parents had all their lives resided, which stood in the midst of that lonely tract of land, called the Lincolnshire Fens. Few families besides our own lived near the spot, both because it was reckoned an unwholesome air, and because its distance from any town or market made it an inconvenient situation. My father was in no very affluent circumstances, and it was a sad necessity which he was put to, of having to go many miles to fetch anything from the nearest village, which was full seven miles distant, through a sad miry way that at all times made it heavy walking, and after rain was almost impassible. But he had no horse or carriage of his own.

The church which belonged to the parish in which our house was situated, stood in this village; and its distance being, as I said before, seven miles from our

house, made it quite an impossible thing for my mother or me to think of going to it. Sometimes, indeed, on a fine dry Sunday, my father would rise early, and take a walk to the village, just to see how *goodness thrived*, as he used to say; but he would generally return tired, and the worse for his walk. It is scarcely possible to explain to any one who has not lived in the fens, what difficult and dangerous walking it is. A mile is as good as four, I have heard my father say, in those parts. My mother, who in the early part of her life had lived in a more civilized spot, and had been used to constant church-going, would often lament her situation. It was from her I early imbibed a great curiosity and anxiety to see that thing, which I had heard her call a church, and so often lament that she could never go to. I had seen houses of various structures, and had seen in pictures the shapes of ships and boats, and palaces and temples; but never rightly anything that could be called a church, or that could satisfy me about its form. Sometimes I thought it must be like our house, and sometimes I fancied it must be more like the house of our neighbour, Mr. Sutton, which was bigger and handsomer than ours. Sometimes I thought it was a great hollow cave, such as I have heard my father say the first inhabitants of the earth dwelt in. Then I thought it was like a waggon, or a cart, and that it must be something moveable. The shape of it ran in my mind strangely, and one day I ventured to ask my mother, what was that foolish thing she was always longing to go to, and which she called

a church. Was it anything to eat or drink, or was it only like a great huge plaything, to be seen and stared at?—I was not quite five years of age when I made this inquiry.

This question, so oddly put, made my mother smile ; but in a little time she put on a more grave look, and informed me, that a church was nothing that I had supposed it, but it was a great building, far greater than any house which I had seen, where men, and women, and children, came together twice a day on sundays, to hear the Bible read, and make good resolutions for the week to come. She told me, that the fine music which we sometimes heard in the air, came from the bells of St. Mary's church, and that we never heard it but when the wind was in a particular point. This raised my wonder more than all the rest ; for I had somehow conceived that the noise which I heard was occasioned by birds up in the air, or that it was made by the angels, whom—so ignorant was I till that time—I had always considered to be a sort of birds ; for before this time I was totally ignorant of anything like religion, it being a principle of my father, that young heads should not be told too many things at once, for fear they should get confused ideas, and no clear notions of anything. We had always indeed so far observed Sundays, that no work was done upon that day, and upon that day I wore my best muslin frock, and was not allowed to sing or to be noisy ; but I never understood why that day should differ from any other. We had no public meetings.

indeed, the few straggling houses which were near us, would have furnished but a slender congregation; and the loneliness of the place we lived in, instead of making us more sociable, and drawing us closer together, as my mother used to say it ought to have done, seemed to have the effect of making us more distant and averse to society than other people. One or two good neighbours indeed we had, but not in numbers to give me an idea of church attendance.

But now my mother thought it high time to give me some clearer instruction in the main points of religion, and my father came readily into her plan. I was now permitted to sit up half an hour later on Sunday evening, that I might hear a portion of Scripture read, which had always been their custom, though by reason of my tender age, and my father's opinion on the impropriety of children being taught too young, I had never till now been an auditor. I was taught my prayers, and those things which you, my young readers, I doubt not, had the benefit of being instructed in, at a much earlier age.

The clearer my notions on these points became, they only made me more passionately long for the privilege of joining in that social service, from which it seemed that we alone, of all the inhabitants of the land, were debarred; and when the wind was in that point which enabled the sound of the distant bells of St. Mary's to be heard over the great moor which skirted our house, I have stood out in the air to catch the sounds, which I almost devoured;—and the tears have come into my

eyes, when sometimes they seemed to speak to me almost in articulate sounds, to *come to church*, and because of the great moor, which was between me and them, I could not come; and the too tender apprehensions of these things have filled me with a religious melancholy. With thoughts like these, I entered into my seventh year.

And now the time was come, when the great moor was no longer to separate me from the object of my wishes and of my curiosity. My father having some money left him by the will of a deceased relation, we ventured to set up a sort of a carriage,—no very superb one, I assure you; but in that part of the world it was looked upon with some envy by our poorer neighbours. The first party of pleasure which my father proposed to take in it, was to the village where I had so often wished to go, and my mother and I were to accompany him; for it was very fit, my father observed, that little Susan should go to church, and learn how to behave herself, for we might sometime or other have occasion to live in London, and not always be confined to that out-of-the-way spot.

It was on a Sunday morning that we set out, my little heart beating with almost breathless expectation. The day was fine, and the roads as good as they ever are in those parts. I was so happy, and so proud! I was lost in dreams of what I was going to see. At length the tall steeple of St. Mary's church came in view. It was pointed out to me by my father, as the place from which

that music had come, which I had heard over the moor, and had fancied to be angels singing. I was wound up to the highest pitch of delight, at having visibly presented to me the spot from which had proceeded that unknown friendly music ; and when it began to peal, just as we approached the village, it seemed to speak, *Susan is come*, as plainly as it used to invite me *to come*, when I heard it over the moor. I pass over our alighting at the house of a relation, and all that passed till I went with my father and mother to church.

St. Mary's church is a great church for such a small village as it stands in. My father said it had been a cathedral, and that it had once belonged to a monastery, but the monks were all gone. Over the door there was stone work, representing saints and bishops, and here and there, along the sides of the church, there were figures of men's heads, made in a strange grotesque way : I have since seen the same sort of figures in the round tower of the Temple-church in London. My father said they were very improper ornaments for such a place, and so I now think them ; but it seems the people who built those great churches in old times, gave themselves more liberties than they do now ; and I remember when I first saw them, and before my father had made this observation, though they were as ugly and out of shape, and some of them seemed to be grinning and distorting their features with pain or with laughter, yet being placed upon a church, to which I had come with such serious thoughts, I could not help thinking they had some serious

meaning ; and I looked at them with wonder, but without any temptation to laugh. I somehow fancied they were the representation of wicked people, set up as a warning.

When we got into the church, the service was not begun, and my father kindly took me round, to show me the monuments, and every thing else remarkable. I remember seeing one of a venerable figure, which my father said had been a judge. The figure was kneeling as if it was alive, before a sort of desk, with a book, I suppose the Bible, lying on it. I somehow fancied the figure had a sort of life in it, it seemed so natural ; or that the dead judge that it was done for, said his prayers at it still. This was a silly notion, but I was very young, and had passed my little life in a remote place, where I had never seen anything, nor knew anything ; and the awe which I felt at first being in a church, took from me all power but that of wondering. I did not reason about anything ; I was too young. Now I understand why monuments are put up for the dead, and why the figures which are upon them are described as doing the actions which they did in their lifetimes, and that they are a sort of pictures, set up for our instruction. But all was new and surprising to me on that day,—the long windows with little panes, the pillars, the pews made of oak, the little hassocks for the people to kneel on, the form of the pulpit, with the sounding-board over it, gracefully carved in flower-work. To you, who have lived all your lives in populous places, and have been

taken to church from the earliest time you can remember, my admiration of these things must appear strangely ignorant. But I was a lonely young creature, that had been brought up in remote places, where there was neither church, nor church-going inhabitants. I have since lived in great towns, and seen the ways of churches and of worship, and I am old enough now to distinguish between what is essential in religion, and what is merely formal or ornamental.

When my father had done pointing out to me the things most worthy of notice about the church, the service was almost ready to begin; the parishioners had most of them entered, and taken their seats; and we were shown into a pew, where my mother was already seated. Soon after, the clergyman entered, and the organ began to play what is called the voluntary. I had never seen so many people assembled before. At first I thought that all eyes were upon me, and that because I was a stranger. I was terribly ashamed and confused at first; but my mother helped me to find out the places in the Prayer-book, and being busy about that, took off some of my painful apprehensions. I was no stranger to the order of the service, having often read in the Prayer-book at home; but my thoughts being confused, it puzzled me a little to find out the responses and other things, which I thought I knew so well: but I went through it tolerably well. One thing which has often troubled me since, is, that I am afraid I was too full of myself, and of thinking how happy I was, and what a

privilege it was for one that was so young, to join in the service with so many grown people, so that I did not attend enough to the instruction which I might have received. I remember, I foolishly applied every thing that was said to myself, so as it could mean nobody but myself, I was so full of my own thoughts. All that assembly of people seemed to me as if they were come together only to show me the way of a church. Not but I received some very affecting impressions from some things which I heard that day; but the standing up, and the sitting down of the people—the organ—the singing,—the way of all these things took up more of my attention than was proper,—or I thought it did. I believe I behaved better, and was more serious when I went a second time, and a third time; for now we went as a regular thing every Sunday, and continued to do so, till by a still further change for the better in my father's circumstances, we removed to London. Oh! it was a happy day for me my first going to St. Mary's church; before that day I used to feel like a little outcast in the wilderness, like one that did not belong to the world of Christian people. I have never felt like a little outcast since;—but I never can hear the sweet noise of bells, that I do'nt think of the angels singing, and what poor but pretty thoughts I had of angels, in my uninstructed solitude.





The Stars.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth
his handy-work.—PSALM xix, 1.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on high,
And, set in azure, every Star,
Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar !

Child of the earth ! oh ! lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Doth it not speak to every sense,
The marvels of Omnipotence ?
Seest thou not there the Almighty name,
Inscribed in characters of flame ?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night ;
Behold them !—can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little Star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze ;
Each is a world, by Him sustained,
Who from eternity hath reigned.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,
Hath circling planets of its own ;
And beings, whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful King of Kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know
No stain of guilt,—nor tear of woe !
But, raising still the adoring voice,
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art *thou*, oh ! child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur—say ?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas !

Yet, fear thou not!—the sovereign hand,
Which spread the ocean, and the land,—
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care !

Be thou at peace ! the all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
The searching glance, which none may flee—
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.





LONDON SIGHTS.—No. 1.

**The Tower.**

The Tower ! ay, the Tower !—*Shakspeare.*

Of the many sights—so interesting to the young—with which London abounds, there is not one which can afford them so much instruction as a visit to the Tower ; its history is that of England, since the Norman conquest,—and long even before William the Norman placed

his foot upon English ground, a fortress proudly reared its walls on the banks of the Thames, and promised security to the inhabitants of London.

In this paper we shall furnish our young readers with an historical account of this renowned fortress; and in a succeeding article we shall explain to them the various curiosities and antiquities at present contained within its walls, alike interesting to those at a distance, as also to those who may have an opportunity of visiting it.

This venerable fortress stands on the northern bank of the Thames, at the eastern extremity of the city. It consists of a large collection of fortified buildings, surrounded by a moat, or ditch,—containing several streets, and covering upwards of twelve acres of land. The most conspicuous part of this edifice is a lofty square building, surrounded by turrets, which is seen surmounting the rest of the fortress: this is called the “White Tower;” it was erected by William the Conqueror, the architect being Gandulph, Bishop of Rochester: its height is ninety-two feet, and the walls are fourteen feet in thickness. For many years, this building itself formed “The Tower of London,” the other buildings having been added as outworks to this—the original palace and castle of the early monarchs of England. Tradition has ascribed its erection to Julius Cæsar; but there is no foundation for this fable, none of the present buildings being of Roman workmanship; it is however certain that the Romans had a fort on this spot.

William Rufus and Henry I. made considerable ad-

ditions to the tower; and in the reign of Stephen, it was used as a regal residence, he being the first of our monarchs who made use of it for that purpose. It continued to be the occasional residence of our kings for near 500 years, and not unfrequently became also their dungeon.

In 1190, William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Chancellor of England, who was left at the head of the regency during the absence of Richard I. in Palestine, surrounded the fortress with an embattled wall of stone, and a broad deep ditch.

The youthful king, Henry III. spent a considerable portion of the years of his minority in the tower, during which time it was celebrated for the performance—with great pomp—of religious festivals. In the year 1239, Henry III. began to give a more formidable character to this fortress, by surrounding it with an additional line of fortifications: the work was no doubt hurriedly performed, as the walls twice fell down, “shaken as it had been with an earthquake.” The king also repaired, strengthened, and widened the quadrangular tower erected by the conqueror: he also erected the lion tower, for the reception of three leopards, which had been presented to him by the emperor, Frederick, and which formed the commencement of the far-famed tower menagerie: this exhibition, so peculiarly interesting to the young visitors to the tower, was closed some few years ago, and the animals removed to the zoological gardens, in the regent’s park.

Edward I. completed the ditch and bulwarks erected

by his father ; he also raised some considerable fortifications to the west : these were the last additions of any military importance made to the tower before the invention of cannon.

James I. was exceedingly fond of the beasts which formed the menagerie in the tower. In 1605, we are told 'the king caused three trap doors to be made in the wall of the lions' den, for the lions to go into their walk, at the pleasure of the keeper ;' and directed a petition to be made in the den, for the breeding lioness.

In the latter part of the reign of Charles II. very considerable repairs were effected in the tower ; and in the succeeding reign of James II. was commenced building the grand storehouse, on the north side of the inner ward. This building was completed in the reign of William III., on which occasion a magnificent banquet was celebrated, at which was present the king, queen Mary, and a host of the nobility,—eager to show their devotion to their protestant sovereigns. It was this building which was totally destroyed by fire, on the night of the 30th Oct. 1841.

The great storehouse consisted of three stories ; the lowest called the train of artillery, the second the small-arms armoury, the third the tent room : the building measured 345 feet in length, and 60 feet in width. In the lower room was contained many curious pieces of ordnance ; amongst the most interesting, was a large iron gun in its carriage, both decayed, and covered with marine products. It was one of the cannons of the Royal

George, which went down with brave Admiral Kempenfeldt, and was recovered from the wreck in 1834, having been under water fifty-two years. There was also in this room a curious Maltese cannon, measuring seventeen feet in length; two brass mortars, of immense weight, taken at Cherbourg, in 1758, by Admiral Howe; a magnificent looking forty-two pounder, of the finest brass, sixteen feet long, which was brought from Java in 1811,—it bore an inscription in the Persian language, which was thus translated by the Earl of Munster—‘the work of Sultan Ranafa Achmet Medigem-ed-Deen, of the county of Palembang the sacred, on which be peace—1182 of the Hegira,’ (1769); and a curious wooden gun, appropriately named Policy,—it was one of those used at the siege of Boulogne in 1544, by the Duke of Suffolk, who being destitute of cannon, fabricated a number of wooden ones, to deceive the governor into the belief that the English army was fully prepared with artillery, for the prosecution of the siege,—the stratagem was successful, and Boulogne was given up to the English.

The grand staircase was considered one of the finest in Europe. It formed in effect one magnificent trophy of English bravery and skill, in almost every part of the world, embracing an endless variety of weapons and arms, both ancient and modern; these were all destroyed by the late fire, with the exception of some pieces of cannon from Waterloo.

In the small-arms armoury were contained 150,000 stand of arms, kept ready for immediate service, arranged

in every variety of ornamental devices ; the walls, pillars, cornice, and ceiling, were decorated with pistols, cuirasses, halberds, carbines, bayonets, &c. The columns were twenty-two feet high, and were formed chiefly with pikes, of the reign of Charles II. Around them were pistols, twining upwards in a serpentine direction. Upon the ceiling was a large carved and gilded ornament, decorated in a similar manner. The cornice was composed of drums, breastplate of old armour, and pistols, arranged in a most interesting and beautiful manner.

There was likewise in this room one article of much interest, and which was fortunately saved from the general destruction. This was a Maltese gun, which was taken by Napoleon at Malta in 1798, and by him sent to the French Directory, in the frigate *La Sensible*. The latter was captured on its way by Captain Foote, of the *Sea-horse* frigate, with eight banners, which recently hung over it in the armoury. This beautiful piece is of mixed metal, resembling gold, and bears a representation in bass-relief of the head of a grand master of Malta, supported by two genii ; it is also richly decorated all over with eagles, and other ornamental figures. The carriage of wood has a very striking appearance, having carved figures of two furies, one arm of each entwined together and grasping a snake, and the other a blazing torch ; the nave of the wheel represents the sun, the spokes his rays : this curious piece of workmanship bears the date of 1773.

THE EDITOR.



The Two Paths.

A GERMAN PARABLE.

An instructor of a small village in the country of the Rhine, stood one day in his school, and taught; and the sons and daughters of the village sat round and listened gladly. For his instructions were forcible and kind. And he spoke of a good and bad conscience, and of the still, small voice of the heart.

When he had ended, he said to his scholars, Which of you can make a simile for me? And a boy arose and said, I can easily relate a simile, but I do not know whether it will be correct. Express your idea! answered the teacher; and the boy commenced:—"I compare the peace of a good and the restlessness of a bad conscience with two paths which I once travelled. When the soldiers of the enemy passed through our village, they forced away my dear father, and took our horse. As our father did not return, our mother and all of us wept and lamented, and they sent me to the city after him. I went, and it was not until late at night that I returned, the same way, with a sorrowful heart; for I had not found my father.

It was a dark night in autumn. The wind roared and howled in the oak and fir trees, and amongst the rocks. The night ravens and the owls screeched. And in my soul was the belief that we had lost our father, and I

thought of the lamentation of our mother on my returning home alone. I thought within myself, the heart of that man may well be agitated thus who lives with an evil conscience."

Children, said the teacher, would you like to wander in such a dark night, in a fruitless search after a father, and hear nothing but the voice of the storm and the cries of beasts of prey? O no! exclaimed the children altogether, and shuddered.

The boy resumed his narrative and said, "At another time I went the same way with my sister, and we had purchased everything that was beautiful in the city for a private festival, which our father was preparing for our mother, for the next day. And it was also late in the evening when we returned. But it was in the month of March, the heavens were clear and lovely, but above all it was calm and still as in a chamber, so that we could hear the singing and purling of the small stream that ran along the path, and the song of the nightingale in the neighbouring grove; and we walked together hand in hand, and were so delighted that we could scarcely speak. Our kind father at length approached us. Then I thought again within myself, such feelings must dwell in the soul of the man, who has performed many good actions."

This was the narrative of the boy. And the instructor looked upon his children smiling. But the children said with one accord: Yes! we will be good men too!

P.



NATURAL HISTORY.—No. 2.

**The Whale.**

The Whale is the largest of all animals inhabiting the polar seas ; indeed, so great is its magnitude, that it has been called the ‘ Giant of the Sea.’ It has been most generally and most successfully killed and taken in Greenland and Davis Straits, to which places, every year, a number of ships, from different parts of England and the Continent, would sail for that purpose. But latterly, the whales, either from becoming more shy or more afraid of their pursuers, or from seeking other places of refuge, unknown or inaccessible to the fishermen, very few, in comparison with former years, have been caught.

When fully grown, it measures from fifty to sixty-five feet in length; and, in circumference, from thirty to forty feet: but formerly, when they were captured less frequently, and had more time to grow, they were much larger, being sometimes found ninety feet in length. In the torrid zone, where the whale is not so often taken, it measures one hundred and sixty feet in length. Its greatest circumference is a little behind the fins; from which part it generally tapers off towards the tail, which is a very large organ, measuring in width from eighteen to twenty-six feet, and whose strength is enormous.

Its head is of a triangular shape, and very large, in proportion to the size of its body. The upper lip comes to a point, and overhangs the under one, which is much broader. The mouth, when open, is very capacious; equal in magnitude to a good sized room, and capable of holding, very comfortably, a merchant-ship's 'jolly-boat' full of men. It contains, in the place of teeth, rows of whalebone, the edges of which are covered with a fringe of hair, which intercepts the passage of shrimps, and quantities of small water-insects, upon which the whale principally feeds. The tongue is composed of a soft spongy substance, which yields a quantity of oil. The throat is remarkably strait, not exceeding four inches in width. The eyes, a little larger than those of the ox, are situated in the side of the head, and are small in proportion to the bulk of the body. They are guarded by eye-lids and eye-lashes the same as quadrupeds, and

are very quick-sighted. The organ of hearing is not very perceptible externally, but is most beautifully adapted to the medium through which it swims: it cannot hear acutely noises in the air; but the least ripple or splash in the water will often disturb it,—evidently showing the most admirable design, and the most exquisite workmanship, of an all-wise CREATOR. On the top of the head are two ‘blow-holes,’ through which it spouts water to a great height, making a great noise.

The colour of the whale is velvet black, grey and white, with a tinge of yellow: the older ones generally contain the most grey and white. The ‘blubber,’ which is just beneath the skin, encompassing the whole body,—and the whalebone—are the principal parts which are taken.

The whale can neither hear nor see so well in the open air, as when under the surface of the water. The principal means of locomotion is by the tail, which is broad and semi-lunar, and moves in the water in a similar manner to the motions of the oar in ‘skulling.’ Sometimes it will throw itself into a perpendicular position, with its head downwards, and beat the sea violently with its tail, until all around it is in a white foam: indeed, so powerful is the strength of the tail, that when wounded, it has been known to strike a boat to pieces, with a single blow of its tail, causing them to fly in all directions, and the boat’s crew obliged to swim for their lives, until they could be picked up by their companions: the engraving at the head of this article represents such a scene.

Its general speed is about four miles an hour ; but, when frightened, or struck with a harpoon, it can swim at the rate of eight or nine miles. Being destitute of gills, and breathing by means of lungs, like land animals, it is obliged to rise to the surface to respire, which it does every five or ten minutes ; but, when feeding, it will remain under the water fifteen or twenty minutes.

The whale has only one young one at a time, of which she is exceedingly fond ; and will defend it from its enemies, even at the sacrifice of her own life. Indeed, so strong is her affection for her little one, that when closely pursued, she has been known to take the young whale under her fin, and dive with it far down into the depths of the sea, out of danger and reach of her pursuers. Sailors cruelly take advantage of this maternal affection, by endeavouring first to capture the young whale : when this has been accomplished, the poor mother, robbed of her offspring, will swim round and round about the ship, following it for miles, and thus becoming an easy pray to her pitiless and unmerciful foes. We have heard of a whale—which had had her young one taken, and killed by the fishermen—endeavour, in the best manner she could, by swimming near to it, and then diving under it, &c. try to entice it away again ; but after she had found that all her attempts to rescue it from its destroyers were in vain, she rolled over upon her back—and died.

DELTA.



ON

THE CHRISTENING OF

H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales,

25th JAN. 1842.

I.

Many a palace of winter shall rise
 Like a dream in the night beneath pale grey skies,
 Graced by many a frosty day
 With foliage false on every spray,
 As in ivory carving and silvery chasing
 Laid on the pile of the night-snow's raising ;—
 In many a summer's breath shall be lost
 All magical spells of the fairy frost,—
 And the fresh-roof'd groves, o'er-vaulted high
 From the glorious glow of the azure sky,
 Shall let in its light just colour'd with gloom—
 Thro' the chesnut's blossom—the larch's bloom—
 And the leaves of a thousand emerald shades—
 On the chequer'd floors of flower-pav'd glades ;—

II.

Many a summer and winter shall flit
Dancing around us by day and by night,—
Many, it may be,—(and *may* it be!
Many a year both peaceful and free!)—
Ere the babe be a man, and the man grow old,
And the aged seek the evening fold :—
Ere the child to his baptism borne this day
Be to burial borne the self-same way ;—
Now in the musical splendour of gladness,—
Then in the music and pomp of sadness ;—
Then—by the torches' glooming glare,—
Now—in the sunlight living and fair,
Mingling in colours many and warm
And parting in many a beautiful form
Through the traceries slender and tall
And blazonries rich of the window'd wall
In that Castle-Chapel far-gleaming o'er
The groves of Thames' winding shore.1

III.

God grant it! below—a nation's Love,—
And the Welcome of Ages to meet thee above!—
As the Paradise Spring without tears or blight,—
As the Paradise Summer, unburning yet bright,—
As the Paradise Autumn might differ from them
But in mellowier fruits of a yellower gleam,—
As the Paradise Winter might lightly but close
The exuberant year in refreshing repose,—

Such (were it possible) we would engage
Childhood and Youth and Manhood and Age
For him, that should be as a "Head of Gold"
To his body of steel—a people bold ;—
For in every boon to thy Prince's *heart*,
Dear England, thou would'st bear a part.

IV.

But childhood will weep—and youth will groan—
And manhood will frown—and age will moan.
Best—for a mortal—the lot of man :
Best is The Wonderful Wisdom's plan.—

V.

This be our prayer, then ! for him and for thee !
Free may he rule a people free—
While Justice and Truth keep watch and ward
And Peace and Right our coasts shall guard !
No Blood be shed on our holy land,—
Or—be it not by the State's command ;
Let each frenzied shedder of blood not deem
That guilty *souls* to the wisest seem
Light as the innocent *lives* to him
Whose heart is hard or his reason dim !—
No foe come seek us—! no foe be sought—!
No fruits of force to our shores be brought !
No foe be nigh ! no foe be far !
But bann'd and vanish'd be War—wild War,—
As the Pirates' glory—the Slaver's gain—
Which ruled of old and of late the main !

No foreigners *fear* our flag—but *hail*
 Our Double Cross² that dares the gale,—
 Free Great Britain's banner flowing
 On a thousand ships through the ocean going
 With Plenty—and Peace—and Wealth—and Art—
 And Knowledge—and Truth to gladden the heart
 Of each who will look from earth's distress
 To the hope of Heavenly Happiness!—

VI.

These be his new generation's aims!
 And—that his heart may echo the claims
 Of Temperance, Freedom, Public Truth—
 Long may a Mother train his youth!
 Still longer watch his mind mature!—
 Till, in manhood's wisdom by faith made pure,
 He shall grieve to take up and rejoice to bear on
 The glorious duties of England's Throne.

NOTE 1.—The name of Windsor from the ancient Windesore and Windlesore has been appropriately interpreted the winding-shore.

NOTE 2.—The Union Jack, first adopted by Protector Cromwell, and compounded of the English Cross, and the Scots' Cross *en Sautoir*.

C.





SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



History of Ishmael.

In the history of Abraham, we mentioned that the “father of the faithful” being childless, he was induced by Sarai his wife, to marry her domestic slave, or hand-maiden, named Hagar ; she was a native of the land of Egypt, a country watered by the river Nile, and famous as being the place where most of the early arts and sciences first flourished. As soon as Hagar perceived

herself likely to become a mother, she foolishly grew proud, and despised her mistress; upon which Sarai inflicted upon her some kind of punishment, probably a severe one, for in those early times, slaves—even when married to their masters—were scarcely considered as human beings: and such is the wickedness of men even in our own day, that slavery is still upheld in many places. This we must tell our young readers is very displeasing to God, who loves all mankind as his children, and would have them never to injure, but always love and do good to each other. Hagar could not endure this harsh treatment; she fled from the house of Abraham, and would no doubt have perished through want, had not the good providence of God recalled her at once to a sense of her duty and interest. An angel met her in the wilderness, by a fountain of water, “And he said, Hagar, Sarai’s maid, whence comest thou? and whither wilt thou go?” She, with a simple frankness, which we hope all our young readers will imitate, replied, “I flee from the face of my mistress Sarai: And the angel of the Lord said unto her, return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands.” She immediately prepared to comply with this injunction, when he told her that she should have a son who would be of a fierce and warlike character, and would be surrounded by numerous enemies, but that he would be the father of a numerous posterity, and would dwell in the presence of all his brethren. The angel then departed: and Hagar perceived that it was God himself who had thus graciously

made himself known to her ; “ and she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her—Thou God seest me : ” piously adding, “ Have I also here looked after him that seeth me ? ” Hagar now we may be sure lost no time in returning to the house of her mistress, and in due time became the mother of a boy, who was by his father called Ishmael, according to the direction of the Lord, when he found Hagar in the wilderness. Ishmael signifies “ God shall hear. ” Ishmael grew up a fine boy, and was doubtlessly instructed in the fear and love of God, by his pious and excellent father : at thirteen years of age, he was admitted into the family of God by the sacrament of circumcision, which was then first instituted.

In process of time, it pleased the Lord to fulfil his promises to Abraham, by the birth of Isaac, in whom all the divine promises were made to centre, and from whose posterity the Lord resolved to take a human form, when he should come into the world to redeem mankind, by conquering their spiritual enemies, and delivering them from the influence of false principles and evil practices. On the day that Isaac was weaned, Abraham made a great feast ; and during the festivity, Sarah observed Ishmael mocking his little brother. This was very wrong ; and like all wrong things, it brought its punishment along with it. Sarah insisted that neither Hagar or her son should be suffered to remain any longer in the family. Abraham, on being assured by God that this determination was right and proper, com-

plied ; and, giving to Hagar a supply of provisions and water, sufficient for them until their arrival at the place of their destination, sent them away. The engraving at the head of this article represents their departure. In those days, and in that country, there were no roads as we now have them—no guides to direct travellers on their road—and, by some mistake, Hagar and Ishmael lost their way, and wandered about in the hot and sandy wilderness, till all their water was exhausted ; and Ishmael, dying with thirst, could proceed no further. Hagar placed the child under one of the shrubs, and then with a heart torn with anguish “ she sat herself down over against him a good way off,” for she could not bear to witness the dreadful death which she supposed awaited him. Only think, my dear children, of the distressing situation of Ishmael, and his kind mother, at this awful moment,—the child dying with thirst under the burning rage of an eastern sun, and the mother tempted to disbelieve the promises and to distrust the goodness of God. At this dreadful moment, God saw their distress, and sent instant deliverance. “ He spake to Hagar from heaven, by an angel, and told her to raise Ishmael and hold him up, for he would make him a great nation.” Her eyes were then directed to a new-sprung fountain, which, with joy and gladness, she beheld bubbling at her feet, the refreshing waters of which soon restored the parched and fainting youth. After this affecting incident, we have little to tell our young readers, respecting Ishmael. He dwelt in the wilderness, and be-

came an archer ; and having married a wife, chosen by his mother from among her own country-women, he had twelve sons, who became heads of tribes, and were called princes, and whose posterity still exist in some parts of Arabia. Ishmael appears to have lived on friendly terms with his brother Isaac, and they united in paying the last tribute of duty to their venerable father, and in laying his remains by those of his beloved wife Sarah. Ishmael finally died as he had lived, in the presence of his brethren.

From this narrative, we wish to place before our young readers, the following lessons of instruction : first, before taking any important resolution, let them always ask themselves, ‘ am I in the path of duty ? ’—had Hagar done this, before leaving the house of her mistress, she would have avoided some trouble, to which her rashness afterwards exposed her : secondly, learn the value of truth and sincerity,—Hagar spoke the whole truth, and the blessing of God was the consequence : thirdly, never mock or make game of any one ; it is most sinful in the sight of God, and is sure to be followed by disagreeable consequences : fourthly, in every case of extremity, learn to do your duty, and trust the issue to Providence : lastly, learn to be dutiful to your parents—consult them on all occasions—love them, with an ardent affection—and do all you can to secure the approval of Almighty God, and the esteem and love of good and pious men.

ALPHA.



Lessons in Botany.

“ There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each tree and bower ;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God ! ”

II. USES OF THIS STUDY.

We have told you, in our first lesson, what Botany is : we now wish to tell you what good it will do you to study it. Many excellent people—men, women, and children—have made it a constant rule of their lives—when they proposed doing any thing—to ask themselves what good purpose it would answer. So we are now to answer the question—What good will it do to study Botany ? Our answer shall not be very long.

First, it is a healthy employment. When we say that the study of botany is healthy, we mean that it will lead you into healthy practices. You will be abroad, every opportunity you have, roving among the trees—in the fields—or perhaps on the mountains. You will be glad to do so, to breathe the fragrant and pure air. And it is healthy.

Secondly, it will lead you to observe what is before you. Many boys and girls go through the world, almost

without seeing it. Now, he who has eyes, and does not use them, in such a beautiful world as this, is very much to be pitied. But the study of botany will learn him to keep his eyes open. The habit of noticing things around you, is called observation ; and a very important habit it is, too.

Thirdly, the study of botany—in which you are obliged to sort, and arrange, and classify things—will teach you to be orderly and systematic in other things. Some boys and girls never have a particular place for every thing, and, so when they wish to find a needle, a pencil, a book, a pair of scissors, or a penknife, they do not know where to find it, and a great deal of time is often wasted in looking for it : this is a bad habit, but it is one which the study of botany will help to correct.

Fourthly, it is said that the study of botany helps to make the temper mild and agreeable ; and has a tendency to refine and improve the mind : it is also among the most innocent things in the world, as an amusement.

Lastly, it has a tendency to lead us to think of God. Who can view the world of wonders contained in a single plant—its stem, branches, vessels of sap, leaves, flowers, and choice fruit—without turning his thoughts towards the Great Maker of *all* things ? And this habit of looking up to God, when we see his wonderful works—in the flowers, the fruits, the beasts, the birds, the insects—as well as the things that do not live, move, or breathe—is said, by a great and good man, to be one of the best habits of mind, which we can possibly form.

Some people, we know, think it very foolish to spend time in wandering about the fields and woods, and looking at flowers and trees ; but, if they knew how pleasant an exercise it is, they would soon cease to think so.

‘For my part,’ says an eminent writer for children, ‘I love to leave the dusty town and streets—and I did when I was a boy—and wander through fields and woods to the tops of the mountains and rocks, where there is a cool breeze, and see the beautiful prospect, and sit by the little brook, as it tumbles and murmurs over the rocks and stones,—and gather the wild flowers that grow on its banks—while the birds are singing in the trees, and the squirrels are chirping around me.’

THE EDITOR.



What is it to be Conscientious ?

A DIALOGUE.

Fanny. Aunt Mary, what did you mean when you told cousin Catherine yesterday, that you were afraid she was not a conscientious girl ?

Aunt Mary. I am very glad you remember that remark, and I will explain to you what is meant by being conscientious, and how you may become so : but we will

not dwell on cousin Catherine's faults, for cousins should not try to find out each other's faults, and talk about them; but, if they know each other to be in fault, kindly speak of it, and remember to avoid doing the same thing themselves.

One who is *conscientious*, *does every thing that she thinks and believes to be right*; as, for instance, when she relates a story, or states *any* thing that she has seen or known, she is very particular to relate it as nearly as possible as she heard it, or as it appeared to her: not because it will please any body, but because she knows that she ought to do it, to be just,—and that to do otherwise would be wrong, and an injury to the person to whom it is related.

If you will listen to me a few moments, I will relate to you an anecdote of a little girl I once knew, by which you will understand what conscientiousness means, better than I can explain it in any other way.

Caroline Stanton had the misfortune to lose her mother, when quite a little infant; but this severe loss was in some measure made up to her, by a kind and affectionate grandmother, who, after her mother died, took her home with her, that she might bring her up. Caroline was kind and amiable in her disposition, and her grandmother was very much attached to her, and reposed a great deal of confidence in her.

Now, her grandmother had a closet, in which she used to keep locked up—cake, preserves, and many little nice things. Whenever Caroline wished to go into this closet,

her grandmother would give her the keys, for she thought she was a very honest girl, and would touch nothing that she ought not to do : but on one occasion, she asked for the keys, with an intention to get some jelly ; which, had she asked for, her grandmother would have given her, for she was very indulgent : she however went and helped herself, thinking she should not be found out.

But under the influence of conscientiousness, she soon began to reflect upon the injustice she had been guilty of ; she said to herself, ‘ that jelly was not mine, and I had no right to take it without permission, and therefore I have done very wrong.’ Her thoughts troubled her so much, that when she retired to bed, she could get no sleep : now, this feeling—which kept her awake—was *remorse* of conscience. Conscientiousness, as I said before, is that feeling, which makes us wish to do right. Now, when Caroline went to get the jelly, it is most likely she *knew* she was doing wrong ; and, if that feeling had prevented her from taking it, then she would have acted conscientiously, and have felt happy : but, because she did not do what she thought and knew was right, she afterwards felt guilty, and unhappy.

Fanny. What did Caroline do—did she tell her grandmother ?

Aunt Mary. Yes, my dear, she told her all about it, and asked her to forgive her ; but this would have done no good, if it had not been the means of making her try to do better, ever afterwards. However, in asking forgiveness, she did right, and acted conscientiously ; and

whenever little girls or boys do anything they know to be wrong, they should never feel ashamed to confess it ; but, on the contrary, should ask those, to whom they have done wrong, to forgive them—and resolve not to do the same thing again—and then every one will be willing to trust them, and believe whatever they say.

Fanny. Aunt Mary, was not cousin Catherine conscientious, when she told me the other day that she would not tell a wrong story, because it would be so mean—her father and mother would not love her—and no one would think well of her ?

Aunt Mary. No, dear Fanny : not to do that which is wrong, only because we think it mean, comes, at least in part, from a feeling of *pride* ; and, to refrain from doing it, because her father and mother would not love her, was from the fear of losing their affection,—not simply because it was *right* ; and to do that which is right and just—and say that which is true—to gain the good will of others, is preferring the praise of others to the love of being *really* just and honest.

Children should love their parents—and obey them—not merely because by so doing, their parents will love them better, but because it is a conscientious *duty* to do so.

10.





Letters from Sister Jane.

NO. III.

CADIZ.

MY DEAR CHILD.

I have no doubt my last letter from Lisbon afforded you some pleasure, and I therefore gladly avail myself of the present opportunity of again writing to you. You will see, from these letters, that sister Jane has not forgotten her loved relatives in England; indeed, every day that I continue away from you, makes me prize more dearly, the love and affection of those who are so dear to me at home,—and I look forward with delight to the day when I shall again be with you, and participate in all your enjoyments.

Cadiz is a much cleaner and prettier town than Lisbon. The Spaniards are a much finer race of men, and dress much better than the Portuguese. The houses are very lofty, but the streets are very narrow: you will perhaps say, 'I do not like narrow streets!' but here it is an advantage, as it prevents the sun from scorching the passengers, it being very hot here. The houses are built chiefly of stone, with iron bars in the front, like a prison; the town is strongly fortified, and the gates are closed every day at sunset, after which time a carriage

cannot go out into the country, without a passport from the authorities: the streets being so narrow, carriages cannot be driven through them for pleasure, as in England.

The costume of the Spaniards is very picturesque: the women wear no bonnets, but a black silk mantilla, trimmed with black lace, fastened to the back part of the head,—this answers the purpose both of a bonnet and shawl, and, at the same time, is very ornamental; they are also very fond of a fan, which is a protection from the sun, and is used instead of a parasol.

The men wear jackets, braided and trimmed with bright buttons—a hat, of a conical or sugar-loaf shape, with two or three coloured ribbons tied round the crown.

I have visited the Cathedral, which is a most beautiful building. I have also been over to St. Mary's, with a party of pleasure: it is a very pretty village across the water, where the grapes grow from which wine is made, for which Cadiz is so famous. We passed through the orange groves, which smelt very delicious, and I saw blossoms, green and ripe fruit, all growing at once, on the same tree. Along the road-side the aloe was growing luxuriantly, forming a sort of hedge.

Adieu, my dear child, until next month, when you shall have another letter, from your affectionate sister,

JANE.





Garden Conversations.

ANN AND HER GRANDFATHER.

GRANDFATHER.

Take care, take care, my pretty maid,
And do not heedless tread,
Lest you that little worm destroy,
That lies in its soft bed.

ANN.

O Grandpa, let me kill it now,
It is a naughty worm ;
For it may soon much larger grow,
And then may do me harm.

GRANDFATHER.

It is a little harmless thing,
So let it peaceful lie ;
It soon will mount upon the wing,
And round the garden fly.

ANN.

O ! no, Grandpa ! it cannot fly—
The creature has no wings !
It will not hurt a *worm* to die,
'Tis such an ugly thing !

GRANDFATHER.

Hush, hush, my child ! the God that made
Both you, and me—made it !

His wondrous skill and goodness formed
All things as He saw fit.

ANN.

Grandpa, what did he make them for?

They cannot work, or sing!

They are not fit for any use—

Nor good for any thing!

GRANDFATHER.

Yes! all that God has made is good—

Though you its use don't know;

This worm can work,—'tis food for birds;

So let it live and grow.

Another time I'll tell you more

Of what this worm can do,

And how it may lay up in store,

Some useful thing for you.

GRANDFATHER—A FEW DAYS AFTERWARDS.

Has Ann been a quiet child,

And brushed and combed her hair?

Then she shall go this morning mild,

To take the garden air.

ANN.

O Grandpa! see that pretty thing

That sits upon the spray!

How bright its little spotted wing—

O, see! it flies away!

GRANDFATHER.

Yes, Ann! and see that butterfly!

That flutters round so gay;

And do you wish it now to *die* ?
You did the other day !

ANN.

I do'nt remember that I wished
This pretty bird were dead ;
I'm sure it must be innocent,—
I wish it may be fed !

GRANDFATHER.

You called it naughty—ugly worm !—
This is the very same !
But now it has another shape,
As well as other name.
It spun, and wound a little ball—
Of silk—so soft and fine,
That it would help to make a dress—
For you and Caroline !
Then learn, dear child, and don't despise
What you can't understand ;
Remember—'twas Our Father—God—
That formed them with His hand.
The changes that they undergo,
The use they are of—all
Their many useful lessons teach,
Although you are but small.
Your oldest sister Emily,
Was once a tiny thing ;
But, now she can most charmingly—
Work—read—and play—and sing !

M.



PICTURES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.—No. 2.



The Roman Invasion.



WE have told our young readers what was the condition of the early inhabitants of Britain, and we now intend to tell them about the Invasion of our Island, by Julius Cæsar.

It was the custom of the Romans to dignify or degrade a country, over which they had gained any advantages, with the title of a Roman province, and to appoint a

prefect or governor, who had frequently to subdue the greater part of the district committed to his charge. Julius Cæsar, a noble Roman, and one of the most famous generals ever produced by his own or any other nation, was in this manner appointed prefect of Gaul, then inhabited by numerous tribes, for the most part as ignorant and as barbarous as the Britons. In the short space of three years, he led his victorious legions from the foot of the Alps, entirely through the province, till he reached the shores of the northern seas. From thence he could descry the white cliffs of the neighbouring island; and the conqueror of Gaul aspired to the glory of adding Britain to the dominions of Rome. It is said that Cæsar was first interested in the inquiry by the sight of some British pearls, ornaments particularly prized and admired by the Romans, and but rarely produced in this country. A species of shell-fish, indeed, sometimes containing pearls, is found in the rivers Conway, in Wales, and Tay, in Scotland, and occasionally on the coasts of the latter country; but the pearls are usually of a bad colour, and worth but little. One instance is recorded of a British pearl, for which, in later times, more than eighty pounds was given; and it is said that a pearl, found in the Conway, and presented to the queen of Charles II. still adorns the regal crown of England. It appears, also, that on Cæsar's return to Rome, he offered in the temple of Venus, a breast-plate, enriched with pearls, which was stated to have been the produce of Britain.

Whatever might have been his inducement—the hope

of gain, or insatiate ambition—Cæsar resolved upon an invasion of Britain, alleging in excuse for thus attacking an unoffending people, that the rebellious Gauls had received from this island, some assistance in their attempts to resist his authority.

For this purpose, he embarked the infantry of two legions, about 12,000 men, in eighty transports, and set sail from Portus Itius, or Witsand, between Calais and Boulogne, on the 26th of August, at ten o'clock, B. C. 55, leaving his cavalry to follow; but they were prevented by the tempestuous state of the weather.

The Britons having been apprized of his intention, by some merchants of Gaul, were prepared for the arrival of the enemy; all the chiefs of the island being assembled on the sea-shore, with their bands of brave warriors, their formidable chariots, and fine horses well trained to war; and when the Romans approached the land, they saw the cliffs, which they had admired from the distance, covered with an innumerable multitude of wild looking people, who thronged with unhesitating valour to oppose them. Their fierce countenances and gestures, their uncouth attire and fearful outcries, startled even the veteran and experienced soldiery of Cæsar; he therefore altered his course, and, steering along the shore, cast anchor before the spot which is now occupied by the town of Deal. The natives carefully followed the motions of the fleet, urging their horses into the waves, and, by their gestures and shouts, bidding defiance to the invaders. They shrunk back, however,

when the Roman galleys drew near the land ; for, no doubt, the sight of so many vessels dashing through the waves, and crowded with so many warriors, armed and splendidly accoutred, must have been to them, a sight so new, and so full of terror, that we can only wonder that they should have thought of resistance. That their aspect, however, was fearless and menacing, we learn from the writings of Julius Cæsar himself, the principal actor in this most interesting scene ; and from whose works it is that we obtain such an intimate knowledge of this invasion. The Roman soldiers hesitated to quit their vessels ; intimidated by the appearance of the natives, and probably uncertain as to the depth of the water : but, after a short pause, the standard bearer of the tenth legion, which was composed of Cæsar's choicest and more favoured troops, cried " Follow me, my fellow-soldiers, unless you will give up your eagle to the enemy ; I, at least, will do my duty to the republic, and to our general." He leaped into the sea, and dashed with his ensign into the enemy's ranks : the men instantly followed their heroic leader ; and the soldiers of the other ships, excited by his example, also crowded forward along with them. A desperate conflict ensued ; the Britons were driven inland, and their assailants remained masters of the shore.

On the fourth night after their arrival, the violence of the wind increased the swell of the waves at a spring tide : the ships, that had been hauled on shore, were filled with water ; those which rode at anchor, were

driven out to sea ; and a squadron, employed to bring the cavalry from Gaul, was entirely dispersed. The British chieftains, who had come to the camp to solicit peace, observing the consternation, and excited by their misfortunes, retired under different pretexts, and concealed themselves, with their forces, in the neighbouring woods. A party of soldiers, who had been sent out to forage, were surrounded, and but for the timely arrival of the remaining part of the army, would have been completely destroyed. The natives continuing to harass him, Cæsar concluded a hasty peace, and returned to Gaul for the winter.

In the ensuing spring, fifty-four years before Christ, the Romans, consisting of five legions, and two thousand cavalry, sailed from the coast of Gaul, in a fleet of more than eight hundred ships. At the sight of this immense armament, stretching itself across the channel, the Britons retired hastily to the woods ; and the invaders landed without opposition, on the very same spot which they had occupied the preceding year. Cæsar immediately marched in pursuit of the natives, but was re-called the following day, by news of a disaster which had befallen his fleet. A storm had arisen during the night ; forty of his vessels were totally wrecked ; many others were driven on shore, and much damaged. To prevent a similar disaster, he caused the remainder of the ships to be dragged on shore, beyond the reach of the tide, and protected by a fortification of earth. This must have been a very laborious undertaking, and we are told it

occupied his army ten days ; after which, he resumed his march towards the interior of the country. Every day there occurred some slight engagement between the Roman troops and the native Britons, which very often terminated to the advantage of the natives, who divided themselves into small bodies, so stationed, that they could readily communicate with each other, and, by this means, they were enabled to offer great annoyance to the invaders.

It was their aim to shun a general engagement, which must have proved to their disadvantage. Their principal warriors fought from chariots ; and, by their skill and daring, won the applause of the Roman legions. On the brink of a precipice, or in the rapidity of a descent, they guided their chariots with as much safety as on a level plain. No danger appalled them : they drove fearlessly along the Roman line, took advantage of every opportunity to break the ranks of the enemy, and, during the heat of the action, would run along the pole, leap on the ground, or regain their seats, as the events of the moment might demand. If they were pursued, they would abandon their chariots, and, with their pikes, resist on foot the charge of the cavalry. It required all the arts of such an experienced general as Cæsar to inflict any serious injury on a foe so active.

At length, the invading legions approached the banks of the Thames, near to the present site of Walton, in Surrey. Here the unfortunate islanders hoped to erect a more effectual barrier against the progress of their

invaders than they had as yet attempted. Here they made a determined effort to defend the passage of the river. For this purpose they drove deeply into its muddy bed, a great number of strong oak stakes; and the stability with which they laboured to impart to this defence, may be estimated from the fact, that a part of it was still visible, at low water, so late as the year 1807. Some of the stakes were then weighed up, with much difficulty; they were about the thickness of a man's thigh, perfectly black, and so hard as to turn the edge of a sharp hatchet.

This defence, which, no doubt, was a work of much labour, proved of no avail; for when the Roman warriors rushed, without hesitation, across the river, wading more than breast high, and carrying their weapons above their heads, little regarding the rude barriers opposed to them. A general panic seized the natives—they offered but a feeble resistance—and, flying in wild confusion, were pursued and massacred almost to a man.

After many other engagements of little interest, and with a similar disastrous termination, the British leaders begged peace, and consented to pay tribute; and Cæsar returned to Gaul, satisfied with a conquest more nominal than real, and having according to a just observation of a Roman historian “rather showed Rome the way to Britain, than put her in possession of it.”

THE EDITOR.



Recollections

OF A BELOVED SISTER.

Oh, how well do I remember—
 With her soft auburn hair,
 And smile of pensive loveliness—
 My gentle sister fair ;
 Who oftentimes with me endeavoured
 The mountain-steep to scale,
 And then lingered nigh the fountain
 Which rose within our vale ;

By whose ceaseless flow of waters
 That grew not hence the less,
 She strove upon my youthful mind
 Space endless to impress—
 We all must enter on when death
 Sends forth his icy chill,
 To freeze the current in our veins,
 And life's quick pulses still.

How oft my fancy strange to please
 This sister e'er so kind,
 Would join me in a fruitless search
 Some glittering gems to find—

Within a spacious cave which stood
Close to my cottage home,
Wherein it was my fond delight
In childhood's hours to roam,—

Or pluck the roses wild—to rob
Their stems of ev'ry thorn,
A garland graceful then to weave
My temples to adorn ;
As gaily by her side I sate,
Rejoicing in their bloom,
Ne'er dreaming that for aught so fair
There was an open tomb,

Till one by one I saw them fade,
And wept because decay
The fairest of earth's flowerets
Thus rudely swept away :
Then would my sister sweetly say
' Child, dry those bitter tears,
And look ye to that land on high
Where sorrow ne'er appears,

But flowers ye value so below
Flourish, yet never fade,
Nor like all that we love on earth
Are lost awhile in shade.'
And, thus from nature's simplest works,
My sister would derive

Instruction, wherewithal to keep
Religion's flame alive.

Within my youthful heart she tried,
Early to win for God,
And lead me in that narrow path
So carefully she trod ;
Whose precepts holy, though the lips
That breathed them, now are still
And may no more, at least on earth,
Declare their Maker's will,—

Like fruitful seeds within my breast,
I trust will e'er remain,
Until the mighty hand of God
Has quenched ev'ry grain ;
Then may I hope, through him who pour'd
His life-blood as a tide,
To cancel all the sins of men,
For which he meekly died,

My sister fair again to meet,
In blissful realms afar,
From whence I often love to think
Her spirit like a star
Is beaming on me, and will touch
My soul with living fire,
And light it to that heav'nly home
To which I e'er aspire.

M. A. H.



Simple Lectures on Theology.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.—PART I.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Without Religion, we can never be truly happy, either in this world, or the next. There are, it is true, some who pretend that it is quite foolish to bind ourselves down to all the hard restraints of religion, and the bible, and say that it is much happier and better to do just as our hearts prompt us. We hope, however, that none of our young readers think so. We intend to show you that religion is the most delightful thing upon earth; and, that none are so happy as those who follow and perform all that it requires. We will now proceed to tell you as plainly as we can, **FIRST**, what religion is; **SECONDLY**, who it is that religious people love, worship, and obey.

FIRST, we will tell you what true religion is. It is a belief in a great, and wise, and holy God: this God is so great in his power, that he can *do* all things; so wise, that he *knows* all things; and, so holy, that he can do nothing which is wrong, or sinful. Religion is a sur-

render, or giving up of all our thoughts and wishes, and affections, to the service of this great, and wise, and holy God. **IT IS A GIVING UP OF OUR THOUGHTS:** we must not allow them to wander about, and fix themselves on anything sinful. When we feel wicked thoughts rising in our minds, we must try to get rid of them, and think of God, and all his goodness to us,—and of our parents, who love us,—and of all our friends, who are dear to us,—and this will tend to drive all wicked thoughts away from us. But, we must be most particular about our thoughts, when we kneel down to pray to the great God, and to thank Him for all his benefits to us. We must then only think of what we are saying, and of the God we are praying to: it would be wrong then to think even of our dearest friends—except to ask God's blessing upon them.

RELIGION IS ALSO THE GIVING UP OF OUR WISHES TO GOD. We must not desire anything which God is not willing to give us, nor anything which he has forbidden. God is so good that he will not withhold anything from us that is good; and, therefore, we ought always to be thankful for what we have, instead of seeking what we have not.

RELIGION IS THE GIVING UP OF OUR AFFECTIONS TO GOD. We must LOVE him—with all our soul—and with all our heart—and with all our mind—and with all our strength. We must love God better—far better—than we do our parents or friends. We wish you to love every body, even your enemies. Yet we must not wish

you to love any so well as the great God himself. Having now shewn you what religion is, and what it is to be religious, we will now try to explain to you WHO THAT GREAT GOD IS, WHOM YOU ARE TO LOVE AND WORSHIP, AND OBEY.

FIRST—*He is the Creator of the World!* Look around, my dear children, upon the green fields, on a fine summer's day. See how beautiful all the trees look! How tall and stately they are! Look at their strong stems, and large branches, and beautiful green leaves! Who do you think made them? Look at the grass, beneath your feet,—how soft it is! It is pleasant to walk upon it; and then it is such a bright colour, and is so delightful to the eye! It also serves for food—the young lambs eat it; and when they have done frolicking about the fields, they lie down upon it. The sheep also eat it; and so do cows, and horses. Who made this grass—so soft for us to walk upon—so pleasant to our eyes—and so good for food, to the sheep and cattle? Look, again, upon the corn-fields! See the corn, all yellow, and bending in the breeze, with its own weight. Soon, it will all be cut down, taken to the mill, and ground into flour, and then made ready for us to eat. Who made the corn? Listen to the birds—how sweetly they sing in the bushes! They seem so full of joy, that it makes us all joyful to hear them. Who taught them to sing? To whom do they raise their sweet songs? Look at the sun! See how he supplies us with light, and heat. Without his light, we could not see; and, without his

heat, we could not live. Who made the sun? Go out of doors, on a summer's night, and look towards the sky. See what beautiful stars are scattered all around: they look like so many diamonds, or like sparks of glory from heaven. See the moon—how beautiful she looks! so dear, so placid, and, withal, so bright! Who made the moon, and the stars? LASTLY, Look upon man—what a noble creature he is! How tall and stately he stands! and then he can think, and talk, and sing, and make himself and his fellow creatures happy! Who made man? Who, my dear children, made all the beautiful things you see around you? We are sure you will at once say that they could not make themselves. No! none but GOD himself, who existed from all eternity, could make this beautiful world, and all that inhabit it. And, if we did not know anything of him, by any other means, yet we should be compelled to own, when we looked upon ourselves and this beautiful world, that there must be some great being, so powerful, that he could make all that we see, even man himself, out of nothing,—so wise, that he could make them all in the best manner,—and, so good, that he made everything in that very order which would be best for the happiness of the beings which he created. Oh! my dear young friends, let us all unite to “*Praise Him, for all His goodness, and His wonderful works to the children of men.*”

HAMILTON.



What A. B. C. have done.

(SOMETHING FOR OUR YOUNGEST READERS.)

GRANDFATHER AND JANE.

“Did you ever think, my dear Jane, what A. B. C. have done, and what they can do?”

“No, Grandfather; only I know that it makes me very tired, to say them over so much at school.”

“But they are very useful little things, my dear; I am sorry you should ever get tired of them.”

“It takes so long to learn them, grandfather! Besides, I do not see what good they will ever do me. Pray, grandfather, did you ever learn them?”

“Certainly, I did. Have I not told you a great many stories? Do you not remember what I have said to you about Adam and Eve, and the beautiful garden, called Eden, in which they lived; and about Abel, and Abraham; and Joseph and his brethren; and the two friends, David and Jonathan? Now, I learned all those stories, and a thousand more, which I have so often told to you and Caroline, in this great book, that I hold in my hand. And this great book, my dear, in which are

so many good stories, is all made up of the letters which you call A. B. C.—I mean the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Yes, Jane, I had to learn the twenty-six letters of the alphabet—every one of them—before I could read the stories in this book.”

“But, grandfather, are there only twenty-six letters in that large book?”

“No, my dear; and there are no more in my whole library—and in your father’s library too! You have to learn but these twenty-six letters, to enable you to read not only these stories, in this book,—but all the stories, in all the books, in mine and your father’s library put together!”

“O, how I do wish, grandfather, that I knew them all! I will try more to-morrow, I am sure. I like the story of David and Goliath. I love to have you tell it to me,—but, O, how I should like to read it myself!”

“I hope, my dear, you will soon be able to do so. Let us talk about it again, when you come home, to-morrow evening. You may bring home the book then, if Miss P. will allow you. And then come and sit on my knee, and show me how much you know.”

“I will, grandfather. May I go to bed, now?”

“If your mother says so. You can ask her.”

“I will. Good night, grandfather.”

“God bless you, my dear, good night.”

P.



The Return of Spring.

It is the first mild day of March,
Each minute sweeter than before ;
The red-breast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field .

Wordsworth.

Once again we delight ourselves with luxurious thoughts
as the Spring returns—once again our old feelings and
our familiar affections awake as from a long sleep, and

we are wrapt in all the pure and holy thoughts of birds and flowers. Our young readers will remember that Spring commenced during the last month, *March*, so named after *Mars* the god of war.

The days now have considerably increased, the sun rises at six o'clock, and then commences his glorious journey through the sky, the lark leaves her nest and mounts in ecstasy and gladness.

Observe the change; the trees recently so bare and melancholy, have now assumed a more cheerful appearance, the large buds brown, red, and green are eager to burst. The snow drop will soon leave us again, but the beautiful yellow primrose has once more visited us, and thus it grows on the banks of the lane, passing away its life in solitude and sweetness. The little common daisy too, now peeps forth and rejoices at the departure of winter. The purple violet begems the green walks, and beautiful weeds now grace the way-side and the grove. The birds too have returned—the thrush and the blackbird have once more taken possession of their old retreats, and we know nothing under heaven more delightful than to stroll out early in the morning, and listen to their sweet songs.

In all ages and in all climes, the wise and the good have sung the praises of Spring; and those of our little readers who are fond of buttercups and daisies, cannot do better than to watch the change of the weeks at the present season, and they will find much to please and to profit them.

The spring has returned ; soon we shall hear the cuckoo and the nightingale, the bright sun will soon become warm and pleasant, the boughs will soon be covered with bright green leaves, and the hawthorn will soon be in blossom ; we shall soon be able to revel in delight, we long to ramble through the bright and glorious woods, far from human eye, we long to stand there silently, and listen to the gurgling brook or the wood-dove : and the forget-me-not will be at our feet, and so will be the aster, the rabbit will run across our path under the beautiful fern, and we shall have our hearts full of tender and happy emotions. Oh we dearly love the Spring ! How pleasant in April, after a slight shower, is a walk in a country lane ; the ground is moist and refreshed, the air is full of fragrance ; look at that pink lilac, how sweetly it perfumes the air, as does also that beautiful wall flower. Hark, the thrush is singing ; look up, there he sits on the topmost bough, and now the blackbird is answering him ! Oh happy Spring ! Thus we are led to think of the happiness of the future from the blessedness of the present, and from the experience of the past ; we fully and affectionately enter into your happiness, ye little ones, we know what we were once ; we, too, could run over the "dewy lawn," aye and shout to the rooks, and chase the frisking lamb too, with laps full of daffodils ; and we can do so again, but alas it is in our minds eye alone : we rush with you in your careless joy, we climb over the style in your company, we feel all you do and we laugh with happi-

ness ; our spirits assume a lively nature, and we forget our cares and breathe again the delicious air of childhood, for

“ Spring has come, delightful spring,
With all its birds and flowers,
A making glad each human thing,
Dull with long winter hours.”

Yes, spring has come ; the expanding leaves and fruit-trees' blossom proclaim its return, and whilst many a head has been laid low in the earth, and whilst many a spirit has been called to its long account, we have been left—for what ? to express our gratitude by our lives, to feel once again all those ecstasies which the return of the season brings. The winter has gone, we shall see no more frozen ponds till the next winter, no more snow, but sunshine and bright clouds await us ! We have left the warm fire-side ; how many a joyous hour have we passed there ! There is something about the winter's-hearth, which makes it dear to our memories. Although the beautiful days of spring have arrived, yet it was such happiness, in your school hours, to look forward to the bright fire-side circle, to anticipate the old marvellous story, and to relieve the poor beggar-boy, when he knocked for relief ! But it has gone, although sometimes the winter-wind will rustle through the branches at evening,—yet how bracing, when the young moon is shining upon us, and the stars are all twinkling in their lustre ! We would here recommend our young readers to rise early, and taste the joyousness of this spring-time,

of which we are so liberal in our praises ; for we know the happiness attending it. It was a bright morning when we started to welcome “the return of spring.” The sun was shining very brightly, and the blue sky put new joys into our heart. The spirit of love was within us—our enthusiasm was awakened—and away we went, to welcome nature, in her new attire ! We soon gained our old familiar grove ; the lark was high above us, in his sweet matins ; nature had awakened, and we rejoiced to have one full leaf, to show her forwardness ! We had just entered a secluded lane—two or three cottages were scattered here and there—the windows were opened, to catch the morning air—the cottagers were turning up the soil, and planting the seeds and roots—when we overtook some rosy-faced children, gathering flowers ; it did our hearts good—and we walked with them, in company, and talked of the blessedness of spring—and their little eyes sparkled with pleasure ; they were the pictures of health and good-humour. The little village church spire was in the distance, and the birds were singing, when we gathered leaves with those children. Oh, how we wish we could show you in our engraving what we felt in our hearts—to encourage you to early rising ! It is then we feel the goodness of God, when our feelings have been so worked upon—when our souls have been so elevated—when our affections have been so warm :—then

“ Up—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air :

The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health, and love, and peace, are there."

And surely the return of spring is a fit subject for praise, and gratitude, towards that great Governor of the universe, who "spake, and it was done;" who "commanded, and it stood fast."

We have already mentioned our having been spared to enjoy the luxuries of one more spring: that should create in our hearts, holy and grateful praise; and, we should, when we wander forth

"To sip the cup of dewy bliss,"

think of the mercy, and the love, which has been so abundantly bestowed upon us; and then, when the grateful tear rolls down our cheek, we should feel new creatures; old weary thoughts would soon pass away, and we should more and more long for the dear hour, when we might observe the change of the seasons, and when we might sing merrily to God. We do hope, in conclusion, that we have not admonished our dear little readers in vain—that they will act upon our advice, and try its effect—and we promise them such *happy* results! Then the seasons *may* change, and the year pass away—flowers *may* fade, and snows may fall—yet we shall believe, as fondly as faithfully, that the "everlasting arm" of the bountiful Creator will ever extend itself towards us—and we shall be irresistably drawn towards that high and holy place "eternal in the heavens." We are of more consequence, in the sight of God, than either birds

or flowers: "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them; are ye not much better than they?" "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these:" it is our duty, therefore, to sing continually our grateful praise; for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."—

"The earth is Thine—Thy creature, man!
Thine are all worlds—all suns that shine;
Darkness and light, and life and death,
Whate'er all space inhabiteth,—
Creator! Father! all are Thine."

J. C.



Letters from sister Jane.

NO. IV.

CADIZ.

MY DEAR CHILD.

I avail myself of the present opportunity of again writing to you, with much pleasure.

I have now to tell you of a custom here, that I am sure you would like to see. It is usual, before Easter, for the Spanish children to have a little pet-lamb—it is to represent the paschal-lamb—with a ribbon round its

neck, and dressed with flowers. I have met several groups of children, leading those beautiful little creatures—and very happy they all looked.

Since I last wrote to you, I have been to Seville; it is situated on a beautiful river, called the Guadalquivir. I visited the cathedral, which is a handsome building: and there are a many very valuable things preserved there. I saw the key of the city, with a Moorish inscription on it: it was given by the Moorish king to Ferdinaud, when he resigned the city to the Spaniards; there are likewise some articles made of the gold that Columbus brought to Spain, on his return from the discovery of America; there is also a large golden cross, with a small piece of wood in the centre, which is said to be a piece of the cross on which our Saviour was crucified, and was brought from Jerusalem; there is also a model of a temple, in silver; and a many precious stones, and other valuable articles.

I have also been to see the Alcasa, an old Moorish palace; the painted walls and ceilings are very beautiful, and the colours are much brighter than they can paint at the present day.

I have been over an extensive cigar manufactory, where as many as two thousand young women were employed in making cigars—and eleven hundred men making snuff and tobacco.

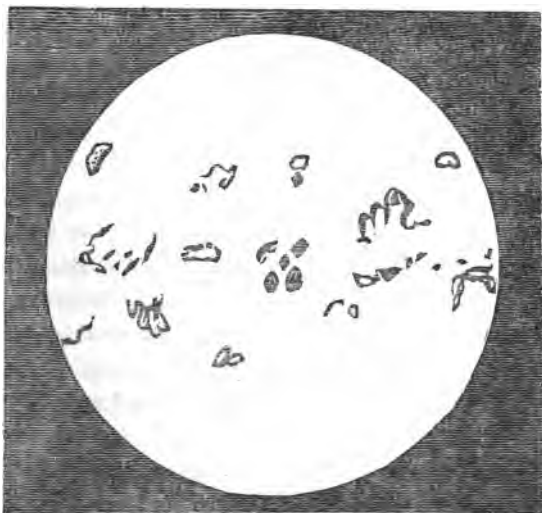
I shall write again, the first opportunity; until then, God bless you.—Your affectionate sister,

JANE.



Lessons in Astronomy.

II. THE SUN.



[THE SUN—AS SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.]

"Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
 'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissolubly bound,
 Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourne
 Of utmost Herschel, wheeling wide his round
 Of eighty years, to Mercury, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze."

Having given our young friends a general account of the solar system, let us now examine more minutely its parts in detail; and, depend upon it, if we come to the contemplation of this sublime subject, with minds rightly disposed to profit by what we learn, we shall become not only wiser, but better, from every lesson we receive.

The first body of the system, which claims our attention, is the Sun—that glorious and resplendent luminary—the light and heat of which, gives order and vitality to surrounding worlds. In reference to this glorious image of our infinitely glorious Creator, there are several things well worth our knowing; and these, we will explain to you as fully and as plainly as we are able. The sun is a vast globe of solid matter, surrounded by a dense luminous atmosphere; the rays from which, constitute the light of day, and convey those principles of heat, which, when brought into contact with bodies, capable of receiving and developing them, produce, as the secondary cause, all animal and vegetable life. The diameter of the sun is 190,000 English miles; it is 1,392,500 times larger than the earth; and is computed to be 539 times larger than all the planets and satellites put together. This immense globe does not, like the planets, move in an orbit, because it is the centre of the system, from which it never departs,—what is called the sun's path, in the heavens, is, like his rising and setting, only an appearance, which we shall explain presently,—but he revolves on his own axis, in about 25 days 12 hours, which is known by the appearance and disappearance of

some permanent spots, which have been observed upon his disk, or surface. The ancients, who observed this luminary with deep attention, considered it to be a body of pure fire, from which, all vital heat was derived. In this, they were, beyond question, correct. All effects must have a cause; and all must be in their cause. All heat, with which we are acquainted, is, in some way, an effect of the sun's rays; and the rays themselves must be the effects of principles of light and heat, existing in the body of the sun; which must, in consequence, be the fountain in which the principles of light and heat, for the whole system, are deposited.

The sun, when viewed through a good telescope, or on a clear day, with only a smoked glass to guard the eye, appears mottled all over; besides which, large spots and openings are frequently seen in his luminous atmosphere. The mottled appearance of his surface is supposed to arise from clouds of different density, floating in the luminous matter composing the sun's atmosphere; and it is thought that the dark and bright spots are occasioned by volcanic eruptions, from luminary mountains of vast magnitude; the dark spots being collections of vapours and opaque matter, and the bright ones the volcanic flames, rendered visible, by the dispersion of the dark matter thrown out of the mountains. This will, no doubt, account for several of these appearances, but not for all: some of them are found to be permanent, and by these, the rotation of the sun has been discovered: from the time of their disappearance on one side, and

their reappearance on the other, occupying rather more than thirteen days. It is calculated that from the time of any portion of the sun being opposite the earth, to that of its again becoming so, is twenty-seven days : thus, to a spectator placed on one of the fixed stars, the spot would reappear in twenty-five days, making a difference between the earth, and one of the fixed stars, of two days ; the reason of which is, that the earth, travelling in her orbit, proceeds in an opposite direction to the rotation of the sun, so that he must perform two twenty-fifths of a fresh rotation, before he can be again in exact conjunction with her. Besides these permanent spots, there are others, of a great variety of forms : some of them change their shapes, and, in some cases, disappear with great rapidity. In 1779, a remarkable spot appeared, which was visible to the naked eye, and extended above fifty thousand miles. Dr. Herchel believes that, in this instance, the real body of the sun was visible.

The sun, as we have said before, is the material source of all the heat and light which enlivens and vitalizes the world in which we live. The earth moves in an elliptical orbit, hence she is nearer the sun at one time of the year than at another. Thus, in winter, when the days are coldest, we are some millions of miles nearer the fount of light, than we are in summer : but it is the direction of the solar beams, and the nature of the bodies on which they act, that causes them to give forth a greater or a lesser quantity of heat. Thus when the sun's rays come directly upon us, although we are in the remote parts of

our orbit, we have summer ; and when his rays fall upon the earth, in an oblique direction, it is winter ; because, in the one case, the heat becomes concentrated, while, in the other, the rays are repeated, that is, spread over a more extended surface, which causes them to act with a greatly diminished power.

We have mentioned the sun's path in the heavens, and also his rising and setting, all of which are but appearances, and may be thus explained. The earth goes round the sun in one year, but we do not perceive its motion ; hence the sun appears to move round the earth, and so the ancients supposed it did ; but Copernicus, and after him Sir Isaac Newton, demonstrated the erroneousness of this opinion, and discovered the true system of the universe. You may understand this, by observing that when sailing in a boat, on a smooth river, the boat appears to be at rest, and all the trees and houses in the water to be in motion, in a contrary direction to that in which the boat is sailing. The rising and setting of the sun is also an appearance, which is occasioned by the daily rotation of the earth upon its axis. You may illustrate this, by suspending an orange before a candle by a thread, and letting it revolve ; one part will be in darkness, while the other will be enlightened ; but, as the orange goes round, every part will come successively into the light, while those parts which were enlightened will become involved in shade. This is a pretty illustration of the succession of day and night.

Thus, we have endeavoured to instruct you in the

principal matters connected with the sun, and we doubt not you will agree with us, that they display, in a wonderful manner, the power and wisdom of Him who created all things. But let us never forget that all these mighty matters were intended for our moral improvement, as well as for our temporal advantage; and, the moral lesson we should learn from this account of the sun is,—that as there is both light and heat in the sun, so there must be both knowledge and love in our own hearts, or else we can never be perfect men, any more than the sun could be a perfect sun, if he were all light or all heat; and, that as the light and heat of the sun are not employed for himself, but for the worlds around him, so the knowledge and the love, even of children, should be used—not to make them proud and vain—but useful—and, thus, a blessing to their parents, companions, and friends. One thing we especially wish you to recollect—that the sun is an emblem of love—and, that as all good things in the material world are nourished by his rays,—so all good tempers, feelings, and actions, are the products of love—and cannot be good, or pleasing to God, if they spring from any other source or principle. In our next article we shall have to tell you about the planets Mercury and Venus.

T. B. S.





On Spring.

(ADDRESSED TO ALFRED, JULIA, AND GEORGE.)

Now the sun shines warm and bright,
And bees have 'gan their busy flight;
We'll take a ramble through the fields,
To taste the sweets that nature yields.

The hawthorn-buds you see are burst,
Although so humble 'mongst the first;
So too, the elder, and dog-rose,
Their future produce do disclose ;

And daisies here and there appear,
For sleet or hail they do not fear ;
And winds may bluster, clouds may rise,
These things foretell more genial skies.

Look yonder, see those pretty lambs,
That gaily frisk beside their dams ;

And skip and jump, the meadows free,
As you or I could wish to be.

Mark the docile guileless creatures,
Ev'ry one has different features!
Each their dam doth recognize,
By her voice when "ba" she cries.

Look how they pull and tug the teat,
And then they nibble turf a bit;
And now all in a trice they bound,
O'er the mounds, the pasture round.

Now listen to that bird on high,
That sings beyond our naked eye;
What dulcet strains, what music sweet,
Who will not say this is a treat?

And shall we not, my dears, as well
The grateful chorus help to swell,
That mounts from all things that we see,
To Him who was, and e'er shall be?

G. J. HUTCHINGS.





SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.—No. 3.



History of Lot.

We told you, dear children, in the first of these short sketches of Bible History, that when Abraham, in obedience to the command of God, left his native land to become a wanderer, he was accompanied by his father and other members of his family, amongst whom was his nephew, Lot, who like himself was rich in cattle,—and that on a dispute arising between their respective herdsmen, a separation took place,—and that Lot chose for himself that portion of the land which he thought

best. That portion of the land was occupied with a variety of distinct tribes or clans, each of which was governed by its own chieftain, who were called kings, and who had the seats of their respective governments in the cities over which they claimed to exercise authority. There appears no reason to suppose that the places, thus dignified with the name of cities, bore any resemblance to the cities of more modern times. They were most probably only rude villages built of wood, and surrounded by walls of earth like Rome, when originally built by its enterprising founder. These clans seem to have been united in some kind of confederation, and to have been divided into two hostile parties, under their respective kings. Lot pitched his tent towards Sodom, which was the principal city of one of the hostile parties, and whose king was in alliance with the kings of Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboiim, and Bela or Zoar, all of whom were tributaries to Chedorlaomer, king of Elam for twelve years. In the thirteenth year, the king of Sodom and his allies refused to pay the accustomed tribute or tax imposed upon them, and in the fourteenth year a war ensued, in which Chedorlaomer and his allies obtained a complete victory, and as usual in those times, drove off the cattle and took the inhabitants captive ; that is, reduced them to a state of slavery or bondage. In this war, or rather battle, for it seems to have been all decided by a single engagement, Lot suffered with the rest, and thus he was made to feel the folly of separating himself from his prudent and pious relatives. Some one however who was acquainted with

the connection subsisting between Lot and Abraham, came and told him how Lot was taken prisoner by these confederate banditti. Abraham was moved with a generous sympathy for the sufferings of his relative ; and not being acquainted with the sinfulness of war, he armed his servants and dependents, to the number of three hundred and eighteen, and aided by two or three of his neighbours, pursued the robbers, and had the satisfaction not only of recovering Lot from his bondage, but also of recovering all the goods and people that had been carried away. You may be sure that great joy would fill all hearts on this occasion—fathers and mothers would weep over their dear children, from whom they had feared to be separated—and children would rejoice to find their parents safe. The king of Sodom evinced his sense of the obligation he was under to Abraham, by offering him all the goods he had recovered ; but as he had acted from pure motives, and had no selfish ends to serve, he nobly refused the whole. This reward however was greater than all that the king of Sodom had to offer ; for he was favoured with the praises and blessing of Melchisedek, the most pious man of his country and age ; and Abraham well knew that they were far more valuable than thousands of sheep and oxen, or even of gold and silver.

The land of Sodom, Gomorrah, and the neighbouring cities, was of the most fertile kind, and was supplied with an abundance of excellent water in every part of it ; but the inhabitants were, as the scriptures inform us,

“wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly.” So great were the sins of this miserable people, that according to the rules of the divine government, which ever acts according to order and equity, and makes the commission of evil to be always followed by results of suffering, which operate as a punishment,—it became necessary to destroy those wicked cities, by a special and terrible judgment. Of this the Lord informed his servant Abraham, and gradually unfolded to him His purpose, to spare the cities, if ten righteous or just persons could be found in them. Two angels were in consequence dispatched to Sodom, who approached the city as travellers, and were courteously entertained by Lot, who according to the hospitable custom of those early times, made a feast to honour and entertain his guests.

In the mean time, it became known in the city that some strangers had arrived ; and those wicked people got together, and assaulting the house of Lot, demanded that he should deliver up his guests to them, determining to do them the most grievous and abominable wrong. Lot went out to try to pacify the tumult ; but the outrageous violence of the multitude became so great, that his life would have been in danger, but for the timely care of his visitors, who pulled him into the house, and struck the people at the door with blindness ; by which we are not to understand a deprivation of sight, but such a confusion of ideas that made them incapable of accomplishing their wicked designs. Lot was now told

of the approaching destruction of Sodom, and told to make his escape. He tried once more to make the people, some of them at least, sensible of their danger ; but his warnings were only treated with scorn and contempt. In the morning, early, the kind angels hastened the departure of Lot from the devoted city, bringing himself, his wife, and two daughters, outside the gates, and telling him to escape for his life ; not to look behind him, or stay in the plain, but to make the best of his way to the neighbouring mountains. At this juncture the Lord himself appeared in a human form, and evidently assumed the command of the two supposed travellers ; and to Him Lot presented a petition to be allowed to retire to Zoar, the best of the cities of the plain, urging that he could not make his escape to the mountains, from fear of impending danger. This request of a doubting and perfect mind was granted, not because it was a proper request, but to teach both him and us that God knows much better than we do what is good and profitable for us, and that true safety does not consist in the gratification of our selfish desires and ends, but in a steady perseverance in the path of obedience. As Lot and his family were proceeding to Zoar, his wife looked back, thus disobeying the divine command, and she became a pillar of salt—probably a monument of stone, of the kind we call rock-salt—but still retaining the human form.

No sooner were Lot and his two daughters entered into Zoah, than the destruction of the other cities com-

menced. "Then" says the sacred historian "the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven." The land of the plain was full of pits, filled with a substance of a highly inflammable nature, which becoming ignited or set on fire by the lightening, here called brimstone and fire, consumed the devoted cities. There can be little doubt but that earthquakes accompanied this terrible judgment, and that by this means what is called 'the dead sea' was formed, of which you shall have an account in some future number. Lot, who was still fearful, although assured of the divine protection, left Zoar, and retired with his daughters into a cave in the mountains, where he got intoxicated with wine, and fell into grievous sin, and the evening of his days is buried in impenetrable obscurity and darkness.

From this circumstance let us learn, first, to prefer a situation of piety and virtue to one of irreligion and vice, though accompanied with the most promising worldly advantage; second, let us ever be careful to keep God's commandments, and to remember His gracious exhortation to "Remember Lot's wife;" third, let us ever be ready, like Abraham, to use all lawful means to assist those who are in difficulty and distress, and always to do so without any selfish ends of our own; and, fourth, let us learn that the way of duty is the only way of safety, and let us ever imitate the example of the Lord himself, who, when on earth, addressing his indwelling divinity, said "not my will but Thine be done."



Where and how to get Riches.

Come, children, listen to my voice
While young in years ; oh, make your choice
Of wisdom's way,—because 'tis found,
In them true pleasures do abound.

Not all the wealth of Prince or King,
If they into your lap would fling,
Could make you happy evermore,
Although possessed of such a store.

Yea, could you gain this wealthy globe,
And be array'd in royal robe ;
What then if you possess'd the whole,
And were, at last, to lose your soul ?

Choice gold or rubies, topaz rare,
With wisdom's wealth cannot compare ;
And houses, lands, or honors,—fame,
Can ne'er eternal mansions claim.

But search God's word, there you will find,
The best of riches for the mind ;
For those who seek—the Lord declares,
Shall find—in answer to their prayers.

Thus Solomon the Lord besaught,
And with true wisdom he was fraught ;
And Timothy and Samuel too,
In wisdom and in stature grew.

This is the wealth that shall endure,
When time itself shall be no more,
No rust can canker—moth destroy,
Nor is it mixt with base alloy !

G. I. HUTCHINGS.





First Persecution of the Christians.

(From a new work entitled The Lives of the Fathers, Saints, and Martyrs, of the early Christian Church.)

THE heathen world made its first open attack upon the early Christians under the cruel Nero—a tyrant whose name became proverbial, even among the heathen, for all that was abominable in impurity and fearful in cruelty,—to him belongs the evil pre-eminence of being the first great persecutor of the church. In the year 64, a great fire happened at Rome, which burnt down ten districts out of the fourteen into which the city was divided. Nero was strongly suspected of having caused the conflagration; but he tried to silence the report by turning the fury of the citizens against the Christians. The rapid growth of Christianity raised against it many enemies who were interested in its suppression. It had gained so many followers that such persons began to be seriously alarmed. The Emperor himself cared little about their ancient superstitions, which they dignified by the name of religion, but he cared still less for the sufferings of the Christians, if he could make the

people believe they had set fire to Rome. The populace, at all times easily excited, were induced to believe this accusation and to demand their blood.

The emperor's gardens were used as a circus for the occasion; and this remorseless tyrant, disgraced himself and human nature, by taking a part in the games, while the Christians were tortured by new and barbarous inventions, to furnish amusement for the spectators. Humanity shudders to hear of these innocent victims being enclosed in the skins of beasts, that they might be torn in pieces by dogs; or covered with pitch and other inflammatory materials, that they might serve as torches to dispel the darkness of the night.

This persecution was not confined to the city of Rome: it spread throughout the empire; and an inscription found in Spain, proves to us at once two important points,—that the gospel had already penetrated that country,—and, that the church there also, at this early period, had her martyrs.

This tremendous persecution lasted nearly four years, for in the year 68, this remorseless tyrant was himself summoned by a dreadful death, before the divine tribunal. St. Peter and St. Paul being both at Rome, were imprisoned. Paul was called upon to make a public defence, but, as might have been expected, all defence was useless, he was ordered to be beheaded; that mode of punishment having been selected out of regard for his being a citizen of Rome. St. Peter suffered martyrdom on the same day with his brother Apostle; but

not being a participator in the privileges of citizenship, he was ordered to be crucified—the common punishment for criminals of the lower orders. But this distinguished Apostle shewed his humility by requesting to be fastened to the cross with his head downwards, as he felt himself unworthy to die in the same manner as his heavenly Master. He was buried on the hill of the Vatican, where that magnificent church now stands which bears his name,—St. Peter's, at Rome.



Letters from sister Jane.

NO. V.

GIBRALTAR.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I think the further distance I am away from you, the greater pleasure I feel in writing, and the more I prize the blessing I enjoy in being able to communicate thus with you. I hope you are a good child and improve with your book, for it will be of very little use me writing, if you are unable to read what I have written. I do not know whether you have heard of Gibraltar, if not, you will be surprised to hear that upon a rock which stands in the sea, there is a strongly fortified garrison town, inhabited by people of all nations, and

what is the most surprising is the country out of the town, the soil of which has been brought from Africa, for you know a rock will produce nothing of itself. I was amused the other day at the Governor's cottage, at Europa Point, to hear the people talk of going to town, (a distance of about a mile and a half,) as we speak of going to London. There are a number of beautiful shrubs grow here, such as you are accustomed to see in flower pots in the window. I have been to see the monkeys' cave; there are many of those inhabitants here. The weather is very hot, but it is delightful to walk on the almeda in the evening, and hear the band play. The gates are closed at sunset, and any found walking late are taken to the guard house, unless they have an order from the Governor: although it is under British government, you do not enjoy the same freedom you do in Old England.

The dress of the people is very picturesque, so many different costumes are rarely found in one place: the original inhabitants are a mixture of the Spanish and Moorish; the dress of the women is a red cloak, with a hood over the head, bound all round with broad black velvet.

I must now conclude, my dear child; I will not neglect writing by every packet. Good bye, God bless you; accept the most affectionate love of sister

JANE.



Harry and Laura, or the drowned children.

At Cranswick, near Driffild, a few days ago, a melancholy accident occurred, by which two little children of the Rev. Mr. Rigby, of that place, lost their lives. A ball with which the boy was playing rolled upon the ice, upon which he ventured to regain possession : it broke ; his sister, like a little heroine, followed, in her natural impulse to save him, and both lost their lives.

Wakefield Journal.

After seeing, my dear young readers, the above melancholy statement, I commenced writing, expressly for your benefit the following lines, which I sincerely hope every one of you will peruse with the utmost attention ; and should the tear of sorrow fall, as naturally it may, whilst you are reading this sad account of children cut down by the sharp scythe of death in the spring-time of life—children who were perchance a few minutes before lighter-hearted and merrier than yourselves—oh, let not, I entreat you, that falling tear be the only tribute you pay to their memory—but strongly reminded as you are, by their awfully sudden death, of the great uncertainty of life, be led most seriously to consider your own latter end, and quench not the still small voice of conscience, when for your good it whispers “ prepare for death.” None are too young to die, as the fairest

flowers oft perish in their bud, and the glory of the rising sun is veiled by clouds; in like manner may and frequently does the conqueror death claim for himself the youngest, and spread his shadow dark around the loveliest; therefore, my youthful readers, seek ye early to improve each moment as it flies—time present is all you can safely call your own—the future is with Him in whose hands your breath is. Oh, then, endeavour earnestly and continually to follow the blessed Saviour's example, who when a child on earth, was a perfect pattern of humility, filial obedience, and every good work; like him, ever do your heavenly father's will, and try constantly to keep all his commandments; then, whether the destroying angel smite you in the morning, noon, or evening of life, he, the great shepherd—whose sheep by thus closely following him you shall have become—will receive you to his heavenly fold, whence no wolf or midnight robber can remove you—for the watchful eye of omnipotence will be upon you, and the arms of everlasting love encircle you.

HARRY AND LAURA, OR THE DROWNED CHILDREN.

“Come, dearest Laura, come away,
And let us pass this holliday
Within this pleasant green grass field,
Where I the battledore can wield,
And toss the shuttlecock so high,
'Twill seem to reach the far of sky,

Or have a merry game at ball,
Which I like, sister, most of all."

And speaking thus, an artless boy,
Whose bright eyes sparkled with new joy,
Led on his gentle sister fair,
A laughing girl, with clust'ring hair,
To the favorite meadow green,
Where they so frequently had been,
Gath'ring violets which cast
Fragrance when all their beauty's past.

And here, long while, these children played,
First in the sunshine, then the shade,
Ne'er dreaming, on much joy intent,
Of aught but future merriment,
Until poor Harry, fearless, crost—
To gain the ball he just had lost—
A pool of water frozen o'er,
Oft'times in safety trod before.

But now, alas, its surface fair
As treacherous, refused to bear
His slender weight; the luckless child,
Who with a scream of terror wild,
As 'neath the water deep he sank,
And from its icy chillness shrank,
Call'd loudly on his sister dear,
To rescue him from danger near.

Then Laura, void of selfish fears,
With bravery beyond her years,
Sprang swift across the deep pools brim,
Intent alone on saving him—
Her much loved brother—o'er whose face,
The shades of suff'ring stole apace,
As eagerly she grasped his hand,
And with her burden strove to land,

But strove in vain ; the ice she trod,
Unstable as the mould'ring clod,
Asunder flew, with fearful crash,
Succeeded by a shriek—a splash—
Then all was o'er—for death had borne,
These joyous children, in life's morn,
Unto his garner wide and deep,
Where now unconsciously they sleep,

A sleep no mortal hand may break—
All ye, my readers, must partake,
Sooner or later—hence be wise,
Use well the gifts your God supplies ;
Early avoid the haunts of sin,
And strive your Saviour's love to win,
Then whether death's near or far,
In the right path be sure you are.

M. A. H.



The Prolie.

Arthur Delves and his sister Eliza, were amongst the wildest and gayest playmates of my childhood, and yet none were so dearly loved as they were. The generosity of Arthur's disposition led him to take the part of every small boy in the school, whilst his sister's sweetness of disposition made her the peace-maker in every dispute between the girls. It was in a pleasant spot, too, that dear old school-house, overshadowed by the green trees, and with here and there a glimpse of some bright sunny spot seen between the branches. The wild rose grew beside our pretty play ground, and the violet reared its modest head as the sunbeams smiled upon it; and formed a pleasing contrast to the hollyhock and other radiant flowers which grew luxuriantly at a little distance.

I am about to tell you a true story of my own childhood, and though I have not given the real names to the parties, still there are some, even now, who would recollect, if they should chance to read this little tale, an incident of early life for which we were better and wiser.

Mr. Young had given us a holliday, and according to agreement we all met at the play ground. It was one of those sweet days when the air seems fraught with

fragrance, and when the earth seems more than passing beautiful. We gathered the wild flowers, made frequent excursions into the wood, achieved the mighty exploit of killing a snake, and still there were several hours to sunset. Wearied with play, we sat down for a few moments, till Arthur starting up, exclaimed, come boys; come girls; who's for a frolic?

I, for one, cried Henry Grey, with you for a leader.

And I for another cried Alfred Raby, tossing up his cap into the air. Come, girls, and boys, follow your leader!

I shall not do it said Ellen Raby, a sweet thoughtful girl; for I know that we shall be disgraced.

Poh! Ellen, do not spoil our fun, exclaimed Marian Grey. I will follow Arthur and Alfred, so now for a race: and the wild romp caught Ellen round the waist, and darted with her towards the school-house, where the rest of the party were assembled.

Eliza Delves now joined them, with her dark ringlets falling in confusion over her shoulders, and her hat nearly full of buds and blossoms, which she showered amongst them, whilst her merry laugh rung through the wood.

Arthur now drew a key from his pocket, and calling them around him, gravely said, you know that Mr. Young has been uncommonly ill-natured during the last few days; not allowing us any privileges; so now let us all go into the school-room, and destroy every thing that we can find; and then Huzza! for a week's frolic!

Let us follow Arthur, exclaimed the boys, giving three cheers—and the girls were ready to imitate their example; all but Ellen Raby, and Eliza. Ellen caught her brother's arm exclaiming Oh! Alfred, think of mother! But he heeded her not, and joined the rest of his companions. Tables and seats were overturned, copy books torn up, and the master's desk rifled of its contents; maps cut into pieces, and paint boxes broken, and the paints hid near an old bowling green, till it seemed as if the demon of disorder had taken his station in the once quiet school-room. Ellen and Eliza walked sorrowfully away, but when Arthur Delves looked round and pictured to himself the surprise and dismay of Mr. Young, he gave vent to a burst of merriment, in which he was joined by the whole party.

Stay, stay, Master Delves, exclaimed Mrs. Raby, as they passed her garden. You promised me a beautiful bunch of flowers, and Alfred was to add some berries to the gift.

The two boys colored deeply, but did not answer, but Eliza and Ellen came forward with some fruit and flowers.

Here are some fine flowers, said Eliza. And some berries too, said Ellen. The boys did not come that way.

You are always thoughtful and kind, said Alfred, kissing his sister. And so is my cousin Eliza; but Arthur has come to take tea with me, mother.

I am very glad, indeed, said Mrs. Raby; so come Eliza, dear, you must stay likewise.

After supper, Alfred walked part of the way home with Arthur, but his spirits had forsaken him.

I wonder what the old man will say, exclaimed the latter, as he passed the play-ground, and at the thought of Mr. Young's rage, his merry laugh echoed through the wild wood.

Alfred could not but smile, so infectious was the mirth of his light hearted friend, but he sorrowfully said, I wish I had taken the advice of Ellen, for mamma will be so grieved, and Frank, my favorite brother, will so blame me.

And to confess the truth, Alfred, I wish I had not led the others on this scheme of mischief. I fear the consequences; but no matter; we must carry it off with a good face; so good night.

Many a heart beat quickly, as Mr. Young entered the school-room, he walked to the fireplace, and immediately began prayers. When they were over he looked around with a frown upon his countenance, and sternly asked the scholars the meaning of the destruction before him. Many a sly look was exchanged, and many a cheek crimsoned with the deep flush of consciousness; but no answer was returned. The smile that played upon the lip of Arthur did not escape the notice of Mr. Young.

"Master Delves, come forward;" said he, and Arthur left his seat with a look at Alfred Raby, in which fear and merriment were strangely blended.

"Where did you pass your holliday?"

In the wood, till nearly sunset.

“ Who were your companions ?”

Alfred Raby, Eliza, Marian and Henry Grey, and I cannot tell how many more.

I am certain that you have been the leader in this frolic, Master Arthur, said Mr. Young.

I, sir ! exclaimed Arthur, with such a queer look that the schollars, in spite of fear, could scarcely help laughing.

Mr. Young made him take his seat, and then questioned each separately. Some smiled, and some blushed. Marian laughed. Eliza colored, and Ellen burst into tears,

Mr. Young called Ellen out ; and Alfred’s cheek flushed at the disgrace of his gentle and sweet sister ; whilst the generous heart of Arthur beat more quickly.

Miss Raby, some paints which from their peculiar formation, I know to be yours, have been found near the bowling green, and one of your paintings ; therefore, I am certain that you were one of the party that entered the school-house yesterday. If you do not tell me the whole truth, I shall be obliged to inflict punishment upon you.

Ellen did not speak, but the tears rolled down her cheeks ; and as she would not betray her brother and his friend, Mr. Young took out a ferrule, and told her to hold out her hand.

She extended her delicate hand, and as the instrument of punishment was raised, both Arthur and Alfred sprang

forward at the same moment, exclaiming, Oh! do not punish Ellen. We are the aggressors! Overcome by her feelings, Ellen sobbed aloud, and Eliza threw her arm round her and led her to her seat, where she wept on her shoulder.

We were all concerned in this frolic, excepting Eliza and Ellen, who refused to have anything to do with it, said Marian.

And I was the proposer of it, said Arthur, and am most to blame.

No, no! cried Alfred, Henry and I were as much to blame as yourself. We had rather submit to any punishment, and had rather be blamed a dozen times than have Rose punished.

I can well remember the smile of approval which lit up the stern features of Mr. Young as he warmly commended the firmness of principle which Eliza and Ellen had shown; but to others he gave good advice, and as a punishment, they were not allowed to go to the playground for a month, and were obliged to repair the damage done to the school-room.

That evening many of us were seated in Mrs. Raby's arbour, afterwards she joined us, and laying one hand fondly on the clustering ringlets that shaded the brow of Ellen, whilst her other arm was round Eliza's waist. she said; "You have made me very happy, my dear girls, by the firmness with which you have resisted temptation; and I am proud of my daughter and niece. But, my son," turning to Alfred, "you have given a

pang to a mother's heart, and deprived her of a gift which she would have valued much, a painting of Neptune, saving the life of your little brother; done by your sister. It was destroyed in your frolic. Remember my dear boys, that if you expect to make any figure in life, you must guard against this liability of being easily led into temptation; for if you are led, so young, to indulge in amusements that are wrong, you will need great caution to guard you against the ten thousand allurements of the world. Recollect in future years, that what may be sport to you, may ultimately lead to mortification and disgrace, as you have seen this day."

M. M.





Early Life of John Bunyan.

The eminent christian this engraving represents, was born in the village of Elstowe, in Bedfordshire ; he was initiated to the business of a brazier by his father, who followed that avocation ; respecting his birth he writes, “of a low inconsiderable generation—my father’s house.”

Most young people, we think, have heard of the “Pilgrim’s Progress,”—John Bunyan is its author,—but previous to his writing this popular little book, of which so many hundreds of thousands have been printed, he underwent many vicissitudes of mind and circumstances, a few of which it is our intention to set before our young readers in this brief memoir.

His father though in humble and narrow circumstances was able to give him some education, and he learnt both to read and to write,—no small accomplishment in those days,—but such was the value he attached to it, that he soon lost all he had been taught, “even” he says, “almost utterly.”

His father was a man of profane character,—an habitual swearer,—and his son early imbibed that sinful and pernicious habit ; once when he stood thus playing the madman, at a neighbour’s shop window, the woman of the house, who he speaks of as a loose and wicked



JOHN BUNYAN.

Ingenious dreamer, in whose well told tale
 Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail ;
 Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile ;
 Revere the man, whose **PILGRIM** marks the road,
 And guides the **PROGRESS** of the soul to God.

COWPER.

person, told him that he was "the ungodliest fellow for swearing, that ever she heard in all her life." This reproof came with more effect from her than from a better person, and he wished that he could be a little child again, that he might be taught to speak without this wicked way of swearing; for, thought he, I am so accustomed to it, that it will be in vain for me to think of a reformation. But from this hour, however, the abandonment of this sinful habit commenced, and though before he knew not how to speak emphatically without beginning and ending with an oath, found he could now express himself more fluently and pleasantly without than he had ever done before.

Though we have just spoken of the immoral character of his father, yet we cannot but conclude that some one, perhaps his mother, took some pains in impressing him with a sense of religious duties; otherwise when in his youth he became notorious above his companions for blasphemy, he would not, more than they, have been disturbed by such dreams and compunctious visitations as he has described. "Often," he says, "after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have in my bed been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehensions of wicked spirits, who still, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them." And his waking reflections were little less terrible: when a boy but nine or ten years old, he was often, in the midst of his childish sports cast down and afflicted therewith, yet could not let go his sins.

These visitations, though at longer intervals, recurred with somewhat less violence,—yet he was never so abandoned by God, as to be wholly without them. And some providential escapes in his past life, he looks upon as so many judgments mixed with mercy, designed by the Almighty to wean him from his sins. Once he fell into a creek in the sea; once out of a boat into the river Ouse, near Bedford; and each time narrowly escaped a watery grave. One day an adder crossed his path, he stunned it with a stick, and then forced open its mouth and plucked out its tongue which he supposed to be its sting with his fingers;—and this if really an adder, was a more wonderful escape than he seems to have been aware of. When a soldier in the Parliament's army, in the eighteenth year of his age, he was drawn out to go to the siege of Liecester: one of the same company wished to go in his stead; Bunyan consented to the exchange; and this volunteer substitute, standing centinel one day at the siege, was shot through the head musket ball.

It appears he ran headlong into the boisterous vices which prove fatal to so many of the ignorant and brutal, for want of a necessary restrictive discipline, which it is the duty of a government to provide; but he was not led into those habitual crimes which infix a deeper stain. Though a swearer and profane, he was no drunkard.

Some time after this, he fell in company with a poor man, who talked to him of religion and the scriptures,

in a manner which took his attention and sent him to his bible, He took great pleasure in reading the historical parts, but the Epistles he could not understand, being ignorant—both of our being born in sin, and the children of wrath;—and of the necessity and worth of Jesus Christ as a Saviour, through whom we may all become children of grace and heirs of heaven.

This effected a considerable change in his deportment, and his neighbours astonished at the reformation in his character, began to speak well of him, both in his presence and absence,—and with this he was well pleased, thinking he merited their good opinion. But he was then as he afterwards admits, but a Pharisee going about to establish his own righteousness,—knowing nothing of Christ, or grace, or faith, or hope.

Bunyan had formerly taken great delight in bell-ringing, but now that his conscience “began to be tender” he thought it a sin; yet he so hankered after this, which had hitherto been his favorite amusement, that though he durst not pull a rope, he would go and look at the ringers, though not without the conviction that it was unbecoming the religious character he now professed: a fear came upon him that one of the bells might fall; to secure himself from this, he stood under a beam, which extended from side to side; but his fears once excited, he considered the bell might fall with a swing, hit the wall first, rebound, and so strike him in its descent. Upon this he retired to the steeple door, thinking himself safe enough there; for if the bell should

fall, he could slip out. Farther than the door he did not venture, nor did he long consider himself safe there, for the next fancy which possessed him was that the steeple itself might fall: and this so shook his mind, that he dared not stand even there any longer, but fled lest the tower should come upon him.

He afterwards became acquainted with the Baptists, which proved very beneficial to him; for without the encouragement he received from them, he might have lived and died a tinker, for even when he cast off the coarse habits of his early life, his latent powers could never, without some encouragement and impulse, have broken through the thick ignorance, with which they were incrustated.

The coarseness of that incrustation could not be conceived, if proofs did not exist in his own hand-writing; one verse of which we copy from a volume of the Acts and Monuments of John Fox; and with this we conclude this biographical sketch.—

hear is one stout and strong in deed
he doth not waver like as doth a Reed
a Sign he give them yea last of all
that are obedant to the heavenly call.

The portrait of Bunyan, at the commencement of this sketch of his life, is a specimen of the PICTORIAL SHEET OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, by Mr. GILKS.



THE VIOLET.

Little children, look around,
You who in the fields are found ;
You, with bright and laughing eyes,
You, with happiest sympathies :
Look around ; and you shall see
Colors bright as bright can be,
Anemonies, gentle, fair,
Trembling in the perfumed air ;
Daisies, too, upon the green
Bless the Spring-time, bless the scene,
Look around, and pluck and pull,
Are they not all beautiful !

But behold the purple flow'r,
Children of a joyous hour!
One of fair and beauteous mien,
Sweeter than the celandine :
Meek and lowly ;—there its head
Hangs, by virtue visited ;
Rich in perfume, fair to see,
Innocent as infancy ;
With moss to warm and dew to wet,
The blushing little violet !

Place it in your bosoms fair,
Let it live its life-time there ;
Learn from it that one above,
Full of pow'r as full of love,
Looks upon the things of earth
From their earliest hour of birth,
Watches over bud and stem ;
Makes sweet flowers of all of them ;
Calls good children when they die,
To his home beyond the sky,
In angelic purity.

J. C.



Lessons in Astronomy.

III. MERCURY AND VENUS.

“ First, Mercury, amid full tides of light,
Rolls next the sun, through his small circle bright ;
All that dwell here must be refined and pure,
Bodies, like ours, such ardour can't endure ;
Our earth would blaze beneath so fierce a ray,
And all its marble mountains melt away.”

As our young friends have, we hope, by this time, become tolerably well acquainted with the information given them, relative to the great orb of day, we shall now direct their attention to the planets Mercury and Venus, which are much nearer to the sun than we are ; and, as they revolve within the orbit or path of the earth, are called interior, or superior planets.

Mercury is the nearest planet to the sun, from which he is distant only 37,100,000 miles, and round which he performs his annual revolution in a little more than eighty-seven days, travelling at the stupendous rate of 109,000 miles an hour. The diameter of this planet is a little more than 3,000 miles ; and if the light and heat enjoyed by the inhabitants of the atmosphere of Mercury were of the same density as that of the earth, they would be seven times greater than they are with us in the hottest part of our summer ; that is, in the month of August. No doubt, the all-gracious Creator has fitted the constitutions of the people there to enjoy with pleasure and delight the place He has in His wisdom appointed for their abode.

Mercury is an interesting object when seen through a good telescope ; but owing to his nearness to the fount of day, he is not often to be seen. He appears equally bright in every part, having no dark spots like the other planets, nor is he ever seen perfectly round, because his enlightened side is never entirely turned towards the earth. He is by turns a morning and an evening star, being never seen at or near midnight. From the time of his superior conjunction, when he appears behind the sun, to that of his inferior conjunction, when he approaches nearest to the earth, he rises and sets after the sun, and consequently is seen only in the evening ; and from his inferior to his superior conjunction, he rises and sets before the sun, and is then only visible in the morning, before the sun rises. He is sometimes visible

to the naked eye, and if at any time, a little after the sun sets, or before he rises, we discover near his place in the heavens a small star, bright and silvery, with a fine clear light and great lustre, it is Mercury.

The next planet in the solar system, receding from the sun, is Venus; which, like Mercury, is a superior planet, and by turns a morning and an evening star.

“Fair Venus, next, fulfils her larger round,
With softer beams, and milder glories crown'd ;
Friend to our kind, she glitters from afar,
Now the bright evening, now the morning star.”

Venus performs her annual journey round the sun, in rather more than 224 days; and is distant from him, not quite 69,000,000 of miles. She moves in her orbit with a velocity of 80,295 miles an hour; and her daily rotation on her axis is at the rate of 1,943 miles in the same time. Her astronomical day is a little more than twenty-three hours, or nearly the same as that of the earth; and her diameter is 7,743 miles; so that by calculation it is found that her bulk is about nine-tenths that of the globe on which we live.

Venus is beyond comparison the most beautiful of all the planets; and when in that path of her orbit in which she shines the brightest, her lustre is such as not unfrequently to cast a sensible shadow. She never appears full, but has all the different phases or appearances of the moon. Her greatest distance from the sun is never more than 48 degrees; so that she is never seen in the

east when the golden lamp of day is in the west. When she is west of the sun, she rises before him ; and in that case, is a morning star : when she is east of him, she rises after sunset, and is then an evening star.

If we view this beautiful planet with a good telescope, we shall discover several permanent spots upon her surface, by which her rotation on her axis has been discovered. Her days and nights are nearly of equal length, except at the poles, her axis being nearly at right angles with the plane of her orbit. Her light and heat will be about double that of the earth ; and Mercury will be to the inhabitants of Venus, sometimes a morning and sometimes an evening star, as she appears to us. Although the year of Venus is little more than 224 days, yet to an observer on the earth, the period from one conjunction to another is little short of 584 days ; which is accounted for by the fact that the earth revolves in her orbit the same way, though with a vastly decreased velocity ; so that Venus must perform two revolutions, and a portion of a third, before she can be again in conjunction with us. Venus moves in an elliptical or elongated orbit ; and the elongation is so great that she appears 32 times larger when on the nearest point of her path, than she does in that which is the most remote from our observation.

If, with a good glass, we observe Venus, throughout the whole of her course, from one conjunction to another, we shall find that when she is east of the sun, and rises immediately after sunset she is nearly round, and but

small ; she is then behind him, and the whole of her enlightened surface is turned towards us : as she leaves the sun, and proceeds towards the east, she appears larger, alters her figure, and presents to us the various successive changes which are observable in the moon, until at her greatest apparent distance from him, she shines like the moon in her first quarter, or what we call a half moon. Proceeding onward, she becomes invisible, her dark side being then turned towards the earth : after a little time, she again becomes visible, as a thin crescent, and decreasing (apparently) in size, but increasing in lustre, she goes on until once more we behold her beautiful and enlightened figure, adorning the concave of the sky.

Owing to the planets Mercury and Venus revolving in orbits within that of the earth, they are sometimes seen to cross the body of the sun, and then appear like small round black spots upon his surface. These are called transits, and those of Venus occur but seldom : those of Mercury are much more frequent. We subjoin a list of those which will occur during the remainder of the present century. A transit of Venus will happen in 1874 : those of Mercury will occur on May 8, 1845 ; May 9, 1848 ; Nov. 12, 1861 ; Nov. 5, 1868 ; May 5, 1878 ; Nov. 8, 1881 ; May 10, 1891 ; and Nov. 10, 1894. Neither of these planets are, so far as is known, attended by a moon ; the light of the sun probably rendering such an appendage unnecessary. The names given to the planets by the ancients, are those of their

gods and goddesses. Mercury probably was so called from his swift motion ; for Mercury among the pagans was the messenger of the gods, and was painted with wings upon his cap, and sandals. Venus was the goddess of beauty ; and this planet was no doubt named after Venus, because of its surpassing beauty and lustre.

Thus we have endeavoured to instruct you in the principal matters connected with the planets Mercury and Venus ; and we doubt not you feel much interested about them ; but we must never forget that knowledge is worse than useless, if it does not lead us to some moral improvement : let us then deduce from this account, the following useful lessons :—Remember that the sun is an emblem of love ; and that Mercury, who is nearest to the sun, is all bright, and has no dark spots ; and let this teach us, that the more we are influenced by the spirit of genuine love, kindness, and benevolence, the more pure and spotless will our character become. Observe next, that Venus appears the brightest, when she appears the smallest ; and let us learn from this that pure truth in the mind, and sincere love to God and our fellow men in the heart, will invest us with a divine lustre, although we may appear small and insignificant to a thoughtless and mis-judging world. When Mercury and Venus pass over the sun, they look like black spots, and yet they are then the most perfectly enlightened by his rays : let this teach us ever to act from motives of sincerity and goodness, although our doing so may expose us to the contempt and censure of those who do not, or who will

not, understand us. And lastly, when we think of the planets being named after the false gods of the heathen, let us lift up our hearts in thankfulness for the bible, that has taught us to worship the Lord God, and Saviour Jesus Christ, in spirit and in truth.

We shall next tell you something about the earth and moon.

T. B. S.



Letters from Sister Jane.

NO. VI.

ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I think you will be pleased to hear again from sister Jane, relative to what I have seen.

On my arrival here, I was three days in quarantine, but I am happy to say I have got my liberty again. I have seen a grand religious procession—and whilst it was passing, every body had to kneel down in the streets, and the men had to take off their hats—but I am sorry

to say their religion does not soften their wicked hearts, for I am told they are a very revengeful people, and are always quarrelling with each other—for if any one offends them, they think nothing of stabbing him—and then his friends take up the cause, and stab any body that is related to the murderer—his friends retaliating—and so they go on, until they are at enmity with all their countrymen.

The dress of the people is very picturesque ; but I cannot describe it, for every trade has a particular dress to itself ; the fishermen, the watermen, the oilmen, the butchers, and a great many others, too numerous to mention : most of them carry a large knife in a carved brass sheath, in their girdle. I shall not be sorry when I leave this dangerous country. I never knew a place so infested with fleas as this is ; the people shake them out of the windows upon you, as you walk through the streets.

I expect my next letter to you will be from Malta, when I hope to have something more pleasing to communicate—and I promise you a longer letter. Until then, God bless you, my dear child, good bye.

I remain, your affectionate sister,

JANE.



LONDON SIGHTS.—No. 2.

The Surrey Zoological Gardens.

Many of our young readers are no doubt familiar with these gardens, and to those who have not had an opportunity of visiting them, the subject will also be one of much interest, giving as it does, not only a description of one of the most popular and interesting of the numerous Sights of London, but also an account of one of the grandest sights of Italy—the Girandola, or annual exhibition of fire-works at Rome.

In this article, we shall confine ourselves to a description of the “Pictorial colossal Model of Rome,” with an account of the “Girandola,” leaving the Zoological portion for a future article.

Leaving the smoke and din of the city, and proceeding over any of the bridges, we find ourselves in about twenty minutes in these gardens, which from the illusion of the scene seems more like a fairy dream than a reality.

Before us we have Rome, the once mighty mistress of the world—we behold with admiration and delight the reality of the scene—there stands majestically the noble dome of St. Peter's, to the right we see the castle and bridge of St. Angelo, and at our feet we have the Tiber, of which the poet Spenser, thus sings

Rome now of Rome is th' only funerall,
And only Rome of Rome hath victory
Ne ought save Tiber hastening to his fall,
Remains of all: O World's inconstancy?
That which is firm doth flit and fall away;
And that is flitting, doth abide and stay.

The Tiber is a river about 385 feet in breadth at the bridge of St. Angelo, and about 450 feet where the stream is divided by the island. It is subject to great floods which completely overflow the lower parts of the city. "The Tiber" says Dr. Burton, is a stream of which classical recollections are apt to raise too favourable anticipations. When we think of the fleets of the capital of the world sailing up it, and pouring in the treasures of tributary kingdoms, we are likely to attach to it ideas of grandeur and magnificence. But if we come to the Tiber with such expectations our disappointment will be great."

We shall now give a short account of the principle objects in the view before us, in order to enable our young readers unacquainted with the scene, more fully to realize the conception of the artist.

The Castle of St. Angelo, which forms the most striking object to the right of the picture was originally built by the Emperor Adrian, as a Mausoleum. It originally consisted of two stories, encrusted with Parian marble. The bridge was also built by the same Emperor to serve as an entrance to so splendid a sepulchre. On the fall of the Roman empire, it became the citadel of Rome, and was called the Castle of St. Angelo, from a statue of the Archangel Michael having been placed there, to commemorate a vision of St. Gregory.

It is from the summit of this Castle that the magnificent display of fireworks, called the Girandola are annually discharged. The author of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, considers the Illumination of St. Peter's and the Girandola, as one of the grandest spectacles in the world. The following graphic description is taken from that work; "At Ave Maria we drove to the Piazza of St. Peter's. The lighting of the lanternoni, or paper lanterns, each of which looks like a globe of ethereal fire, was nearly completed. As we passed the Ponte San Angelo, the appearance of this magnificent church, glowing in its own brightness, the millions of lights reflected in the calm waters of the Tiber, and mingling with the last glow of evening, so as to make whole buildings seem covered with burnished gold, had a most striking and magical effect.

"The gathering shades of night rendered the illumination every moment more brilliant. The whole of this immense church—its columns, capitals, cornices, and

pediments—the beautiful swell of the lofty dome, towering into heaven, the ribs converging into one point at top, surrounded by the lantern of the church, and crowned by the cross; all were designed in lines of fire; and the vast sweep of the circling colonnades, in every rib, line, mould, cornice, and column, were resplendent in the same beautiful light. Suddenly, a bell chimed: on the cross of fire, at the top, waved a brilliant light, as if wielded by some celestial hand, and instantly 10,000 globes and stars of vivid fire seemed to roll spontaneously along the building, as if by magic, and self-kindled, it blazed in a moment into one dazzling flood of glory. Fancy, herself, in her most sportive mood, could scarcely have conceived so wonderful a spectacle as the instantaneous illumination of this magnificent fabric. The agents by whom it was effected were unseen, and it seemed the work of enchantment.

“In the first instance, the illuminations had appeared to be complete, and one could not dream that thousands and tens of thousands of lamps were still to be illumined. Their vivid blaze harmonized beautifully with the softer milder light of the lanternoni. The brilliant glow of the whole illumination shed a rosy light on the fountains, whose silver fall, and ever-playing showers, accorded well with the magic of the scene.

“Viewed from the Trinita de’ Monti, its effect was unspeakably beautiful: it seemed to be an enchanted palace hung in the air, and called up by the wand of some invisible spirit. We did not, however, drive to

the Trinita de' Monti, till after the exhibition of the girandola, or great fireworks from the castle of St. Angelo, which commenced by a tremendous explosion, that represented the raging eruption of a volcano. Red sheets of fire seemed to blaze upwards into the glowing heavens, and then to pour down their liquid streams upon the earth. This was followed by an incessant and complicated display of every varied device that imagination could figure—one changing into another, and the beauty of the first effaced by that of the last. Hundreds of immense wheels turned round with a velocity that almost seemed as if demons were whirling them, letting fall thousands of hissing dragons and scorpions and fiery snakes, whose long convulsions, darting forward as far as the eye can reach in every direction, at length vanished in the air. Fountains and jets of fire threw up their blazing cascades into the skies. The whole vault of heaven shone with the vivid fires, and seemed to receive into itself innumerable stars and suns, which shooting up into it in brightness almost insufferable,—vanished—like earth-born hopes.

“ The reflection in the depth of the calm clear waters of the Tiber was scarcely less beautiful than the spectacle itself; and the whole ended in a tremendous burst of fire, that, while it lasted, almost seemed to threaten conflagration to the world.

“ The expense of the illuminations of St. Peter's and of the girandola when repeated two successive evenings, as they invariably are on the festival of St. Peter, is

one thousand crowns ; when only exhibited one night, they cost seven hundred. Eighty men were employed in the instantaneous illuminations of the lamps, which to us seemed the work of enchantment. They were so posted as to be unseen."

In the centre of the view before us we behold the noble church of St. Peter's, the largest in the world ; the first stone was laid in 1506 ; it required two centuries for its completion, and an expenditure of 12,000,000*l.* The original planner of this stupendous work, was Bramante ; to him succeeded Raphael, San Gallo, Michaelangelo : during the long life of the latter, it made its greatest progress, and his name is indissolubly united with that of St. Peter's ; it was he who erected the greater part of the dome. After Michaelangelo the work proceeded under Vignole, Giacomo della Porta, Carlo Maderna, and Bernini ; the latter planned and commenced the semi-circular colonnades : the work was at length completed after the lapse of two centuries, under Clement X.

The model before us is not only admirable as regards the mechanical skill displayed in its general arrangement, but is worthy to rank high as a work of pictorial art, reflecting the highest honour upon Mr. Danson for the triumph he has achieved.



Hints to Children

ON THEIR SEVERAL DUTIES.

Children all should passion smother,
 And be kind one to another ;
 Ready injuries to forgive,
 And in sweet amity e'er live ;
 For Christ their Lord is pleased to see
 His family on earth agree,
 And will, Oh ever ! dwell with those
 Who in Christian love repose.

Children all should gentle be,
 And cultivate humility ;
 Like modest lilies of the vale,
 Which scent unseen the passing gale.
 Oh ! they should to the world be known,
 By fragrance rich, from virtue thrown,
 And piety, in word, as deed,
 Which all earth's honors far exceed.

Children should patient be, when chid,
 And do, in all things, as they're bid ;
 Anger and pride e'er keep aloof,
 Though subject to unjust reproof ;

Since Christ, their pattern, meekly bore,
Until his days on earth were o'er,
Scorn and suffering, such as man
Ne'er experienced in life's span.

Children, when in the house of pray'r,
Should all attention be, and bear
Deeply within their youthful hearts,
The good their minister imparts.
For they who fear God's laws to break,
And try to serve him—he will take,
When their souls and bodies sever,
To the realms of bliss for ever.

Children at early morn should raise,
Their feeble voices in his praise,
Who through the midnight hours so still,
Has kept them safe from ev'ry ill :
And for continued blessings cast
Around their path—when day is past
Oh they again ! should praises sing
Unto their great immortal king.

Children, ye all, should ever strive
Heartfelt instruction to derive,
From the Bible's hallowed pages
Man's best comfort in all ages,
For it tells the Saviour's love,
Who came to die, from heaven above,
That little ones, sin stained like ye,
Might dwell with him eternally.



SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.—No. 4.

History of Isaac.

WE told our dear young friends, in the history of Abraham, that in his old age, he had a son born to him by his beloved wife Sarah. This son he called Isaac, (which means the son of laughter,) and, according to God's commandment, admitted him as a member of the visible church, by the holy sacrament of circumcision, on the eighth day of his birth. We have also mentioned the circumstances which led to the expulsion of Ishmael and his mother from the family of Abraham, and of offering Isaac in sacrifice, as the test of his father's faith, love, and obedience. Some time after this, Isaac lost his kind mother, Sarah, who died at the advanced age of 127 years. This loss, it is intimated, he felt keenly ; and no wonder—for when once a mother is taken away by death, her place can never be entirely or fully supplied again. Abraham was exceedingly rich ; and as he felt that he must soon die, he became anxious to see his beloved son united to a suitable partner, from his own kindred, in preference to a woman of one of the nations

inhabiting the land in which he was a stranger. For this purpose he sent his principal servant or steward, accompanied by some attendants and rich presents, into Chaldea, where his family connections resided ; first, however, causing him to take a solemn oath, that he would use his best exertions to procure a suitable wife for Isaac. On no condition was he to be enticed from the land of promise to take up his abode with his father's kindred ; for Isaac, like his venerable sire, was to be and continue, a stranger in a strange land. Thus authorised and enjoined, the steward proceeded on his journey, and came in due time into the land of the people of the east, from among whom he was to select a wife for his master's son. He appears to have understood the word *kindred* in a very extensive sense, and not at all in the limited manner in which it is employed by us in modern times. He was also a truly pious man—one who set God before him in his way, and was not ashamed to profess his trust and confidence in the guiding care of a superintending Providence.

The riches of those times consisted principally in cattle ; and the young women—who thought it, in those early days, far better to be useful, than to be what is called accomplished, by which is frequently meant being idle and worthless, a trouble to themselves and all about them—generally superintended the management

of the flocks. It is necessary for you to know this, in order that you may understand the somewhat singular prayer of Abraham's servant.

He came to a well of water, at the time of evening, and knowing that it was customary for the young maidens at that season, to come to the well to draw water for the cattle, he made his camels kneel down, and earnestly prayed in his heart, that when the young women came out to draw water, and he should ask one of them to give him drink, and she should instantly reply "Drink, my lord, and I will draw for thy camels also,"—she might be the woman selected by Providence to become the wife of his master's son. While thus engaged, Rebekah, who, as it afterwards appeared, was the daughter of Abraham's brother, came out to fetch a pitcher of water; and the steward observing her to be a very beautiful, as well as a modest young woman, and one apparently suited as a wife for Isaac, requested her to give him drink: with this request, the damsel instantly complied; and according to his previous desire, offered to draw water for his camels also. The steward then presented the courteous maiden with an ear-ring—or probably a jewel of gold for the nose—and golden bracelets for her arms, asking whose daughter she was, and whether he and his attendants could be accommodated with the rites of hospitality in her father's house. To this question, the maiden replied that she

was the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah and Naho, (the latter of whom was, as the steward well knew, the brother of his master Abraham); she also assured him of a welcome reception in her paternal home. The steward, filled with a pious sense of gratitude, for the goodness which had thus so far prospered him on his journey, offered his thanksgivings to the God of his master; and then Rebekah, gathering from his pious ejaculation, who he was, ran and told the joyful tidings in her mother's house.

Her father appears from some cause (probably old age,) to have been incapable of making much exertion; but her brother Laban ran out to the man at the well, and concluding, according to the prevalent notions of those times, that as Abraham was rich he must be a favourite of heaven, addressed the stranger (who, though a servant, was a person of no mean consequence) with "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without, for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels." Thus invited, Abraham's servant, with his men, entered the abode of Rebekah's father, and found every thing done that hospitality could devise, to secure their comfort and convenience. This steward of the venerable father of the faithful, had learnt valuable lessons in his master's house, and he has left an example which cannot be too closely copied by our young readers, and indeed by persons of every age, and under every

variety of circumstances. He, though tired with a long journey, refused even to take refreshment until he had declared his errand ; thus preferring the conscientious discharge of his duty, even to the supply of his necessary wants. He told who he was, and the occasion of his visit to the native country of his master ; he then detailed his earnest supplication, spoken only in his heart, for Divine guidance in his important undertaking ; and lastly, he declared how minutely his prayer was answered by the appearance and conduct of the modest, beautiful, and courteous Rebekah, and solicited her hand in marriage, for his master's son. To this—so clear had been the leadings of Providence—the whole family assented ; and the matter being thus arranged, the compact was ratified by a feast, most likely accompanied by religious rites and sacrifices, and the presentation of costly presents to the betrothed damsel—and also to her mother and brothers, according to the invariable custom of the east. The steward was then urged to prolong his stay, for at least ten days ; but as he was urgent to return to his master, Rebekah was affectionately desired to make the final decision, and annul or confirm the conditional consent, previously given by her relatives. Rebekah, at once, with the most inimitable grace and maiden sweetness, resolved to concur, not only with the wishes of her parents, but with the clearly expressed will of Providence.

After an union of twenty years, it pleased God to accomplish, in part, his promise to Abraham, by giving to Isaac and Rebekah, the blessing of children. Rebekah had twins, the elder of whom was called Esau, and the younger, Jacob ; and God told their mother, in a vision, before they were born, that the elder should serve the younger ; and which prediction has been literally fulfilled, in the history of their posterity. The history of these two boys will form the subject of our next Bible story. At present, we shall only observe, that much trouble arose in the family, from the undue fondness with which Esau was regarded by his father—and Jacob by his mother ; and this folly led to the sad result of dividing the family. In order to prevent a deadly quarrel between the two brothers, Jacob was sent away ; and his fond mother never saw him again, for she died before his return to his native land.





THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Between two meeting hills it bursts along,
Where rocks and hills o'erhang the turbid stream ;
There gath'ring triple force, rapid and deep,
It bounds, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

THOMSON.



The Devil's Bridge.

AMONG the many beautiful works of the Almighty's hands, the variety displayed in the surface of the earth, has always struck me as singularly admirable. I speak not of the utility of such an arrangement ; though the consideration of this point would furnish a subject equally instructive and amusing. At a future period I shall endeavour to explain how the wisdom of God has ordained that the soil of the earth, which the rains are continually washing away, should be supplied from the mountains. But now I wish only to regard this inequality in the point of beauty—having reference only to its harmony with the mind of man. It would have been comparatively a dreary view had a vast plain extended on every side ; it might be clad in the robe of brightest green ; and daisies might bedeck it, like jewels on its vest. But we should soon tire of looking on the picture. The land-

scape which charms by its grandeur, and delights by its glories, is, when hill and dale, forest and meadow, fiercely rushing torrents, and gently gliding streams, are blended.

It would be comparatively as nothing, if the year had been an eternal summer, trees always waving in their bright green clothing, and birds, as they hopped from twig to twig, always filling the air with melody but the sameness of the colour would cause it to lose its charms, and the ear would soon cease to delight in the music from having it so constantly repeated. The beautiful arrangement is, that, as season follows season in quick succession, trees and flowers bud, bloom, and wither, thus presenting an endless variety, and pleasing in every way. So quickly does the year roll round, that almost imperceptibly is the bright green of spring mellowed into summer, and as soon again tinted with the autumn yellow of decay.

Thus is the variety which nature presents exactly adapted to the human mind, for mankind are ever seeking novelty.

But while this diversified appearance is every where presented, there are spots and scenes on the earth where the spectacle is so sublime that the mind is awe-stricken at the sight. Of this character is the Bridge I am about to describe.

Near Aberystwith, in Cardiganshire, is an object of curiosity and wonder, vulgarly called the Devil's Bridge, properly Pont-y-Monach, or Monk's Bridge. It consists of a single arch between twenty and thirty feet in span, thrown over another arch of less than twenty feet, which crosses a tremendous chasm. Tradition assigns the construction of the lower arch to the monks of Strada Florida Abbey, about the year 1087. It is probable this date is too early, but Geraldus mentions having passed over it with Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the time of the Crusades, in the year 1188.

The original arch being suspected to be in a decayed state, the present one was built over it in the year 1753.

They span a chasm in a tremendous rock, which has evidently been enlarged, and was, perhaps, originally produced by the incessant attacks of the impetuous Mynach.

In order to view the scenery of this romantic spot, the visitor should first cross the bridge, and then descend by the right of it to the bottom of the aperture, through which the Mynach drives its furious passage, having descended from the mountains about five miles to the north-east. The depth from the upper bridge to the bed of the river is 114 feet. The effect of the double arch is picturesque ; and the narrowness of the

fissure, darkened by its artificial roof, enhances the solemn gloom of the abyss.

On regaining the road, a second descent must be made by passing through a small wood, at the distance of a few yards from the bridge, to view the four concatenated falls from the point of a rock in front. Each of these is received into a deep pool at the bottom, but so diminished to the eye, at the present point of view, as almost to resemble one continued cascade. The first fall takes place about forty yards south-west of the bridge, where the river is confined to narrow limits by the rocks. It is carried about six feet over the ridge, and projected into a bason at the depth of eighteen feet. Its next leap is sixty feet, and the third is diminished to twenty, when it encounters rocks of prodigious size, through which it struggles to the edge of the largest cataract, and pours in one unbroken torrent down a precipice of 110 feet.





The Coal Mine.

(A MORAL TALE.)

It is well known that coals are found in the earth, and that men go down into large pits to work them up. John's father was a collier, and worked in one of these mines. He one day gave his son permission to accompany him. They set out early one morning, and soon arrived at the top of a coal-pit. John looked down into this large deep hole, and felt terribly frightened ; and he kept tight hold of his father, who said to him, "Will you venture to go down, John?" John felt rather ashamed of being afraid, when he saw so many boys and men go down into the pit : he therefore replied, "I think I dare go down with you." They both stepped into a round basket, which was hung by chains from two thick posts at the top. The chains were then let down, and John and his father arrived safely at the bottom of the pit. As they reached the

bottom, John looked up, and saw a twinkling light like a star. He could scarcely believe it was the light from the large hole through which they entered, and that it looked so small because they were now at such a distance from it.

When the basket touched the ground, they both jumped out. The first objects that John saw, were men hard at work, whose appearance was frightful ; their faces were almost black, and their figures looked terrible by the dim light of some torches which were burning in many parts of the mine.

John could not help wishing himself in open day-light again : he was, however, of a patient disposition, and, as he knew that he could not return until his father went home at the proper hour, he tried to amuse himself as well as he could. He first of all began to examine this new and dismal world, for so it seemed to him to be : he observed that the walls consisted entirely of coal, which was so much cut out that it left large rooms and passages ; in truth, John found that this mine was like a large house under ground. Until now John could never believe what he had often been told, that there were in some parts of the world mines so extensive, as to resemble towns. John thought he should not like to live in such a town as this : yet he had heard that some people remained always under

ground ; and he found that even in the coal mine, where his father lived, many passed whole days together, and that horses existed there a long time without daylight. John was shocked to hear that these poor creatures became blind after they had been under ground a short time. He pitied them, when he saw their bodies worn out by hard labour ; and he thought if ever it should be his fate to work in a mine, he would never flog them nor abuse them, as some inhuman boys were accustomed to do.

Towards the afternoon, the colliers all prepared to return home. John's father was obliged to work for an hour longer, having more to do than usual. When the men had left the mine, it was quite still and almost dark : one torch alone remained burning, and the whole looked so dismal that John wished his father had been ready to go home. However, he soon began to amuse himself by picking up those shining pieces of coal, called " peacock coal," from their bright colours, which resemble those in a peacock's tail. He was thus employed, when all at once something came against him with such force, that he was thrown down flat on the ground. He was terribly alarmed ; but much more so when he looked round and beheld his poor father lying on his back, his body being almost covered with an immense heap of black earth, stones, and coals.

John instantly tried to rise, and to shake off that which had fallen on himself; this he could easily do, for, although he was much frightened, he was not hurt by the fall. He perceived that a part of the mine had fallen in. He now called to his father, but the poor man could not answer, because the heavy lumps of earth pressed upon his chest, and almost stopped his breath. When John found that his father could not speak, he was more frightened than ever, and began to call out very loud in hopes that some one would hear; but, alas! that was useless. He then set hard to work, to pull off the heap that almost crushed his father to death. For a long time he toiled on, but his little hands were unable to do much good, and for an instant he gave up the work in despair, crying out, "What shall I do?" His father opened his eyes, but it was impossible for him to speak to his son, and John thought he was going to die. At length, he thought of fetching a spade and other tools; with these he began to dig, and to clear away the earth and coal that lay in a large heap upon his father's chest: after some time he succeeded so well, that, the weight being lightened, the poor man was able to raise himself a little, and to tell him to go on. With what joy did John continue his work, though he was much tired! but he was soon after assisted by the poor man himself, who could, when he

had the use of his limbs, push away the heavy lumps, and shake off the earth from his body. The first words he uttered, when he found himself able to walk, were, "You have saved my life, John!" He did not suffer much from this accident, although it appeared so dreadful to his son, who had not yet been in danger of losing his life. However, nothing ever produced so great a change in his mind as this accident in the mine; for he had an opportunity of observing the filial affection of his little son, and he could not help remembering how often he had neglected his duty towards this child.

Before this accident, John's father was indeed far from a good character; he frequently spent whole days in an idle and thoughtless manner. He never took any trouble to bring up his children in the fear of God; and if their mother had not been a good and pious woman, they might have grown up in ignorance, and perhaps in wickedness. She was thankful that her husband and child were not left to perish in the coal-mine. They had indeed been in a dangerous situation: but what they then considered a misfortune, proved afterwards a great blessing; for the father could not any longer neglect a child who was so affectionate as John, nor a wife who had brought up her children in such dutiful habits. He was, besides, so grateful to Heaven for the preservation of his life, and he became

so fearful of dying before he had repented of his sins, that he had resolved for the future to be industrious and good, and to teach his children to become so too.



Address to the Robin.

LITTLE Robin, pray draw near;
'Tis your Phoebe that is here.
Pretty bird, then come to me;
Come and sing sweet tweedle-dee.

Now the frosty wind doth blow,—
Now the earth is white with snow;
For my Robin all around
Crumbs I'll scatter on the ground.

See how quickly he doth hop,
Glad to fill his little crop;
But should I approach too near,
Then he'd fly away for fear.

Foolish Robin, why afraid
Of a harmless little maid?
Here no trap or cage is found,
Here no cat is prowling round.

Then my bird with scarlet breast,
Come, and on my window rest;
Pretty Robin, come to me,
Come and sing sweet tweedle-dee.

R. A. LYNCH.



The Diamond.

No species of property has attracted the attention of all nations, or been estimated at a greater value than the Diamond. Fashion has, at all times, paid obsequious respect to this costly gem. A reason must exist for this : though its usefulness is extensive, yet it is not sufficiently great to admit of comparison in the calculation of its price. Its beauty, its unrivalled lustre, surpassing anything real or artificial, no doubt originally attracted such a degree of admiration, and continues still to uphold it in estimation.

Probably, my dear readers, you know that a Diamond is a very precious gem ; but, perhaps, few of you are acquainted with the manner in which it is procured, or even know from what countries it is brought. I hope, then, that a little information on the subject may be both pleasing and profitable.

This highly-prized production is the hardest substance in nature ; and is not, as was formerly supposed,

earthy or stony ; but consists of pure carbon ; that is, it is a substance which, when exposed to a current of air, and heated to a sufficient temperature, is completely combustible, without smoke or flame.

Diamonds are either colourless, or of a yellow, blue, rose red, or brown tint, each colour reflecting the sun's rays with great intenseness.

To bring them to that degree of perfection in which their beauty consists, the Diamond-cutters begin by rubbing two rough ones against each other ; by this means they take off the dull outer crust with which they are covered : this reduces them to a regular form, and the powder rubbed off serves afterwards to polish the stones. This process is effected by means of a mill, which turns a wheel of cast iron, smeared with a mixture of diamond-dust and oil of olives.

The Diamond mines are generally adjacent to rocky hills and mountains ; and sometimes the gems are found scattered in the earth near the surface ; in other places the miners are obliged to dig through rocks, to the depth of 40 or 50 fathoms, until they come to a sort of mineral earth, in which these precious stones are enclosed. The earth is of a yellowish and sometimes of a reddish colour ; and it frequently adheres to the Diamond with so strong a crust, that it is difficult to get it off. In order to find the Diamonds, the

workmen form a cistern of clay, with a small hole on one side, a little above the bottom. Into this hole they put a plug, and throwing into the cistern a portion of the earth they have dug, they pour in water to dissolve it. They then break the clods, and stir the wet earth in the cistern ; the lighter part of which is carried off when the vent-hole is opened to let out the water. Thus they continue washing until that which is in the cistern is pretty clean ; and then, in the middle of the day when the sun shines brightly, they carefully look over the sand, so that the smallest stone may not escape them.

The mines in which these valuable and beautiful gems are found are situate in the middle of India, at a place called Golconda ; they are found also in Borneo, an island in the Indian ocean, and in Brazil, a large country on the east coast of South America.

The largest Diamond ever known is one which now belongs to the queen of Portugal, which was found in Brazil. It was originally of a still larger size ; but a piece was broken off by an ignorant countryman who found this jewel, and who tried its hardness by the stroke of a large hammer upon an anvil. This prodigious Diamond weighs 1680 carets, (the caret being equal to four grains ;) and is said to be worth six millions sterling.

Another famous Diamond is in the possession of the Emperor of Russia. It weighs 779 carats, and is valued at nearly five millions of pounds sterling. The history of this Diamond is somewhat curious. It was originally one of the eyes of an idol, worshipped by the Hindoos who inhabit the coast of Malabar, a large tract of country on the west of India. A French grenadier, who had deserted from military service, contrived to become one of the priests of the idol; and after being put into the office, acted so basely as to steal the Diamond. It was sold by him to the captain of a ship, and after passing through several hands, it was purchased by Prince Orloff, at Amsterdam, in the year 1776, for his sovereign the Empress of Russia.

The Diamond which belonged to the late unfortunate king of France, Louis XVI, called the Pitt or Regent, was the most costly jewel belonging to that crown. It was purchased by Louis XIV for one hundred and thirty thousand pounds: though its value has been calculated at nearly double that sum.

In "Mawe's Travels" there is much curious, and some entertaining information respecting these mines. He informs us, that when a negro is so fortunate as to find a Diamond of the weight of $17\frac{1}{2}$ carats, much ceremony takes place. He is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator

or governor, who gives him his freedom. He also receives a present of new clothes, and is permitted to work on his own account.

Mawe witnessed a very interesting circumstance of this kind. A stone of $16\frac{1}{2}$ carets was found, and he says, that it was extremely pleasing to see the anxious desire manifested by the overseers that it might prove sufficiently heavy to entitle the poor negro to his freedom ; and when it proved to be only a caret short of the requisite weight, all seemed to sympathize in his disappointment.

But my dear readers must not suppose that this workman went without any recompense. Presents are made according to the worth of the stones which are found ; for one of eight or ten carets the negro receives two new shirts, a new suit of clothes complete, with a hat, and a handsome knife ; and for stones of a smaller value, they receive proportionably.

Whilst speaking of the labours of negroes, I wish you to bear in mind, that these poor creatures are kept at work by overseers, who hold in their hands a long whip; which they fail not to make use of when any one of the workmen is observed to be dilatory or unruly.

Every precaution is taken to prevent the negroes secreting the Diamonds. On a heap of earth, at equal

distances, three high chairs are placed for the overseers, from whence they diligently watch the proceedings around them.

When a negro finds a Diamond, he immediately stands upright and clasps his hands ; then he extends them, holding the gem between his fore finger and thumb. An overseer receives it from him, and deposits it in a bowl, which is half filled with water. In this vessel all the Diamonds which are found in the course of the day are placed ; and at the close of work they are delivered to the principal officer, who, after weighing them, registers the particulars in a book kept for that purpose.

The negroes work in a bent position, and cannot see the overseer who is watching them ; and lest they should conceal any Diamonds, they are frequently changed at the word of command. They are also obliged to go almost naked ; but all these precautions are not sufficient, as the negroes have been known to swallow them.

I am sure my young readers feel anxious to know the success which crowns such toilsome work ; but I must tell them that it is but rarely a negro obtains his freedom. When Mawe visited the mines at Brazil, he was informed by the officers, that, on an average, there are seldom more than two or three of the requisita

weight found in the course of a year at the works which he particularly describes ; and not once in two years do they find a Diamond weighing as much as 30 carats.

But in speaking of the different weights of these precious stones, a narrative occurs to my remembrance which will, perhaps, amuse you. During Mawe's stay at Rio Janeiro, he was consulted by the prime Minister upon the following affair. A free negro, who resided about nine hundred miles distant, wrote a letter to the Prince Regent, announcing that he possessed an amazingly large Diamond, which he had received from a deceased friend some years before, and which he begged he might be permitted to present to his Royal Highness in person. At that time the Royal family of Portugal, who had emigrated to Brazil in 1808, were settled at Rio Janeiro.

The Prince immediately despatched an order that the negro should forthwith proceed to the capital. He was accommodated with a conveyance, and escorted by two soldiers ; and, as he passed along, he received numerous congratulations on his supposed good fortune.

At length, after a journey which occupied nearly twenty days, he arrived at Rio Janeiro, and was forthwith conducted to the palace. He imagined his happiness was now about to be consummated ; that, in a few

moments, the hopes which he had for many years indulged would be realized; and that he should be exalted from a low and obscure condition to a state of affluence and distinction. When admitted, he threw himself at the Prince's feet, and delivered his wonderful gem. A round Diamond, of nearly a pound weight, filled all present with wonder; some reckoned the millions it was worth; others found it difficult to numerate the sum at which it would be valued. But some there were who expressed a doubt that it might not prove a real Diamond. However, it was sent to the treasury, under a guard, and deposited in the jewel-room.

The next day our traveller was sent for, and received orders to examine this gem, and to give his opinion respecting its value. Upon his reaching the treasury, an officer led him through several apartments to the grand chamber, where he met the treasurer and his secretaries. In an inner room, to which they were conducted, there were several strong chests, having each three locks, the keys of which were kept by three different officers, who were all required to be present at the opening. One of these chests being unlocked, an elegant little cabinet was taken out, from which the treasurer took the supposed gem, and presented it for examination with great form.

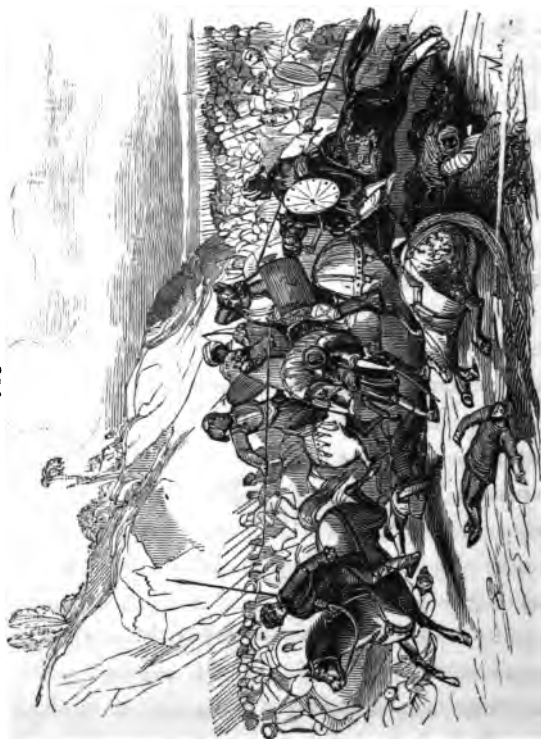
Our connoisseur immediately perceived it was

nothing more than a round piece of crystal. To convince the treasurer of the truth of his supposition, he took up a Diamond of five or six carats, and with it cut a very deep nitch in the stone, which, you know, could not have been done, had it been a Diamond. This was a positive proof, and a certificate was accordingly made out, stating that it was an inferior substance of little or no value. Our poor negro was, therefore, compelled to return home, much disappointed in his great expectations.



Lines.

CHILDREN! know the world deceiveth!
Trust on him who safety giveth!
Fix not on the world your trust,
She feeds us—but she turns to dust;
And the bare earth or kingly throne
Alike may serve to die upon.



RICHARD IN PALESTINE.



The Crusades.

It is in the year 1097, during the reign of William II., that we first hear of the Crusade, or Holy War, which seems to have engrossed the thoughts of all the great Christian warriors of those days. But, perhaps, you have never heard of these Crusades, or the motive for which they were undertaken.

Jerusalem, the capital of Palestine, is the country in which Jesus Christ was born, and lived, and died ; Palestine was therefore called the Holy Land ; it was always revered and loved by Christians, and they frequently travelled thither to offer up their prayers. In process of time, a very fierce and warlike people, called Turks, became masters of this venerated country ; and, as they were very great enemies, they oppressed them heavily, and all the sovereigns of Europe, as well as their subjects, were sadly grieved that this sacred spot should belong to these infidels, as they were called.

There lived at that time, in Amiens, a town of Picardy, in France, a man remarkable for his piety, zeal, and secluded life ; he was called Peter the Hermit. He had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and shocked to think that the holy city should be in the power of infidels, he went to Rome, and described the wretched condition of the Christians living in Palestine.

The Pope was very willing to subdue the Turks, the followers of Mahomed, and to rescue the followers of Christ : he therefore sent Peter to all the states of Italy and France, to tell his mournful story, and describe the misery he had felt and seen.

By degrees, the different nations were aroused to fight in the cause ; and as the Pope gave the soldiers leave to wear a figure of the cross on their shoulders, the enterprise was called the "Crusade." An order was also instituted, called the "The Knights of Jerusalem." You will often hear of such institutions, and must understand that such titles were bestowed by kings and potentates as marks of honour and distinction.

Peter the Hermit himself led the first army that proceeded from Europe to Palestine ; but this army was almost all cut to pieces, and Peter, with a few troops, only escaped.

Godfrey of Bouillon, Robert of Normandy, and several other illustrious personages, followed with a

second army, in 1096. These conquered the Turkish sultan, Solyman; and then advancing to Jerusalem, they besieged and took it. The inhabitants of this city were barbarously murdered, the Christians alone being excepted.

After they had taken possession of the city, the crusaders began to think that they must have a king to govern it; and they chose Godfrey of Bouillon, a very brave and good man. The great princes, therefore, took him to the church of our Saviour, and were going to crown him; but he refused a crown of gold which they offered him, saying,—“They should never see him wear so magnificent a crown in the place where the Saviour of the world had been crowned with thorns.” He also refused to be called king, and would only have the title of “Defender of the Holy Sepulchre.”

After the lapse of a few years, however, the city of Jerusalem was taken again by the Saracens under Saladin their monarch. The European princes, immediately determined to recover it, and accordingly assembled their troops in great numbers; Richard I., then king of England, was inflamed with ardour at the glory he should acquire, and being fond of military exploits, surpassed all the other princes in zeal.

Valiant and enthusiastic, he too often resorted to oppressive and violent measures; so that a clergyman,

incensed at his tyranny, advised him to part with his three daughters, Pride, Avarice, and Love of Pleasure. "You are right, my friend," replied the king gaily; "and before I set out on my expedition, I will provide husbands for them all. I will give my pride to the lawyers; my avarice to the monks; and my love of pleasure to the clergy."

Richard united his endeavours with Philip, king of France, in this holy cause. It is said that the third Crusade was the only military expedition in which a king of England and a king of France ever fought under the same banners. Richard, by every means in his power, compelled his subjects to assist him with money and soldiers.

The monarchs of England and France, and their armies, met on the borders of Burgundy, and afterwards took shipping, one at Genoa, the other at Marseilles, Overtaken by storms, they found shelter in the island of Sicily, and there some disagreements occurred between them. These were, however, made up, and at last the armies arrived at Palestine.

The city of Acre was taken; and Philip, perhaps disgusted at finding himself outdone in valorous acts by Richard, returned to France, leaving some troops under the command of the Duke of Burgundy.

The battle which opened the way for the capture of

this important city, was fought on the 6th September, 1192 ; the Christians amounted to 100,000 men, the Saracens to three times that number. Richard wished, if possible, to avoid a battle, being anxious to reserve his strength for the siege of Ascalon. His army set forth early in the morning, and his advance guard had reached the gardens of a place called Arsoof, when their ears were assailed by the clang of the arms and the shouts of their enemies. Around and above the crusaders the banners of the Saracens fluttered, whilst their arrows, falling thickly, did much execution. Richard had given order that not a blow should be struck by his men till the signal was given. In vain did the master of the Hospitallers remonstrate with him. At length the chiefs met, to decide on the time and mode of giving battle, but ere they had determined, it began. Two of the knights had charged the Turks, others impatient for the onset followed, and soon the action became general. Mounted on his famous war-horse, Richard hastened to the thickest of the fight ; with his ponderous axe he cleft the heads of his assailants ; each time his mighty arm descended, a foe was laid prostrate in the dust. In vain did Saladin and his brother rally their forces to the action, riding through the ranks and cheering their men. The rout soon became general ; some cast themselves into the

sea; others sought to conceal themselves in the branches of trees, where they were soon shot by the Christians. The plain was covered with the dead and the dying; the bodies of men, horses, and camels, lay in confused masses; arms and banners were strewed about in all directions, and 40,000 Saracens are said to have perished. Moslem and Christian, noble and ignoble, mighty and mean, lay side by side. In vain had they struggled for the mastery; all now were made equal by the sweeping hand of death.

Ascalon soon after fell into the hands of the Crusaders. Other sieges were carried with equal success, and Richard was almost within sight of Jerusalem, the object of all his desires, when he found himself obliged to give up the enterprise. His men, wasted by fatigue, and diminished by frequent battles, were anxious to return home; a truce was therefore concluded with Saladin.

Thus, for the immense treasures which had been expended, and the blood that had been shed, the Crusaders gained nothing but Acre, Joppa, and some other sea-port towns of Palestine; and permission for all Christians to perform their pilgrimages to Jerusalem unmolested.



Christian Fortitude.

BELIEVING, as we do, that nothing has better proved the truth of religion, than the history of the Martyrs, since the promulgation of the Gospel, we wish, my dear children, to place this subject carefully before you.

Christian heroism has in it something truly divine, and possesses a character peculiar to itself — that of an unalterable mildness in the midst of persecution. Regulus, the most admired hero of antiquity, submitted to death, and a thousand torments, without betraying the slightest marks of weakness; but he likewise insulted his executioner, and cursed Carthage; and had his wife and children been present, he doubtless, armed with inflexible firmness, would have beheld them without emotion; he could not, in fact, have been softened without losing part of his courage, and to be great, it was necessary he should be insensible. Whilst,

on the contrary, a Christian martyr, in the midst of his torments, unites the most magnanimous fortitude to the most tender sensibility ; he embraces, exhorts, consoles his friends, and prays for his persecutors.

Of the fortitude and patience displayed by the primitive Christians, we shall take one example out of a multitude, namely, Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna. When the officers of the proconsul entered the house where he was, he immediately ordered meat and drink to be set before them, and begged them to allow him one hour to pray without molestation ; which being granted, he prayed standing ; and was so full of the grace of God, that he could not cease speaking for two hours. On his way to the city, he was met by the tetrarch Herod, and his father Nicetus, who began to advise him, asking, "What harm is it to say, Lord Cæsar ! and to sacrifice and be safe ?" At first he was silent, but being pressed, he said, "I will not follow your advice."

When he was brought before the tribunal, there was a great tumult, and the proconsul having asked if he was Polycarp, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, began to exhort him to take pity on his own great age, to repent, and swear by the fortune of Cæsar. "I am a Christian," said Polycarp ; "I cannot comply with your request." "I have wild beasts," said

the proconsul; "I will expose you to them, unless you repent." "Call them," replies the martyr; "our minds are not to be changed from the better to the worse; but it is a good thing to be changed from evil to good." "I will tame your spirit by fire," said the other, "since you despise the wild beasts." This threatening was put into execution. His spirit, however, continued calm and undismayed, full of devotion, charity, and zeal, to the last. When they were going to fasten him to the stake, he said, "Let me remain as I am; for He who giveth me strength to sustain the fire will enable me also, without your securing me with nails, to remain unmoved in the fire." Nor was his confidence misplaced; for he exhibited the power of religion in bearing, with heroic magnanimity, the agonies of a violent death.

Nor need we go back to the olden times for illustrations, or select as instances the veteran Christian. The following anecdote will show that, while the dew of youth yet glistens on the brow, the mind may be stored with the fruits of Christianity.

A poor little African negro, only ten years old, went to hear one of the Missionaries, and became a convert to the Christian faith. His master forbade him to attend the preacher, and his prohibition being transgressed, he was summoned into his master's pre-

sence, and, after much violent language received five-and-twenty lashes; then, in a sarcastic tone of blasphemous ridicule, the tyrant exclaimed, "What can Jesus Christ do for you now?" "He enables me to bear it patiently," said the poor child. "Give him five-and-twenty lashes more!" cried the cruel wretch. He was obeyed. "And what can Jesus Christ do for you now?" asked the unfeeling monster. "He helps me to look forward to a future reward," replied the little sufferer. "Give him five-and-twenty lashes more!" They complied; and while he listened with delight to the extorted groans of his dying victim, he again demanded, "What can Jesus Christ do for you now?" The youthful martyr, with the last effort of expiring nature, meekly answered, "He enables me to pray for you, massa," and instantly breathed his last!







Greensted Church.

DOTTED as the land of England still is with the curious and costly works of art, it is greatly to be regretted that so many have been demolished. Can a building be razed whose every stone teems with history to make room for modern improvement? Oh! 'tis a sad sight to witness these structures—which Time, withering and consuming as it is, could not destroy—demolished through the blind fury of a mob, or the caprice of the owner of the land on which it stands.

Yet thus it too often happens, that, in one short hour, buildings which might have formed studies for the architects of successive generations, blending as they do the beautiful and majestic, are too often sacrificed.

It is, however, scarcely possible for a person with a reflecting mind to look upon structures grown grey with time, and tottering beneath the weight of years, without feelings of emotion, bordering on veneration,

rising in the mind. The frowning castle, where of old the imperious baron reigned despotic, whose smile diffused gladness, and whose frown was death, cannot be passed heedlessly by :—its massive walls—its moss-grown battlements—its ponderous doors—its spacious halls—its gloomy dungeons—all have their tales to tell.

But, perhaps, of all structures, churches are the most calculated to awaken the liveliest emotions : the stones on which our forefathers have stood, and which now form the coverings for their beds, echo a solemn warning. One cannot enter the ivy-grown porch of one of these sacred edifices without veneration !—the walls around, covered as they are with the ensigns of mortality, seem yet to breathe the hymn of praise which generation after generation has poured forth.

Wishing to avoid the buildings which have been so often presented to the public notice, that they have become as familiar as “ household words,” we shall not introduce the magnificent cathedral with its lofty spires, its splendid architecture, its stately columns, its beautiful arches ; we rather choose a less gorgeous edifice,—one of comparative insignificance,—but which, from its peculiar structure, and very high antiquity, becomes an object of considerable interest.

In the retired parish of Greensted, near Ongar,

(anciently Aungre), Essex, a village about 25 miles from London, is a very curious old church, of which we present an engraving. The most remarkable thing about this church is, that the nave or body is composed of the half trunks of oaks, about a foot and a half in diameter, split through the centre and roughly hewn at each end to let them into a sill at the bottom and into a plank at top, where they are fastened by means of wooden pegs. The north wall is formed of these half oaks set side by side as closely as their irregular edges will permit. In the south wall there is an interval left for the entrance. The ends were formerly similar, but the one has been removed, and the church enlarged, by the addition of a brick chancel; and, although the other remains, it is hidden by having a wooden belfry attached. The original building is twenty-nine feet nine inches long, by fourteen feet wide, and five feet and a half high at the sides which support the roof. This venerable pile is supposed to have been built as a shrine for the body of St. Edmund, the king, who was slain A. D. 496, by a notorious robber, named Leoff. This bandit, after being banished the country, was daring enough to enter the royal apartment, and the king, who was of a bold and fiery disposition, in attempting to seize him, was struck to the heart by the robber's dagger. It is supposed

that, in the year 1019, the 30th of Etheldred, this monarch's body was removed to London, on account of the Danish invasion under Sweyn. Three years after, the corpse was conveyed to Bedriceworth (Bury-St.-Edmonds), and as the ancient road to this place was through Ongar, it seems in no way improbable that this rough and unpolished fabric was first erected as a resting-place for the monarch's body.

Though this ancient church has stood the storms and braved the blasts of nearly a thousand years, it is but little injured ; the oaks to the north have suffered most, but though the slow consuming finger of time has somewhat wasted them, yet they are still so strong, and internally so hard, that they promise to remain when another thousand years shall have rolled away.

What a tale of the past does an old structure tell!—the shades of former generations yet linger within its walls, and every footfall on its silent stones is responded to with solemn echo—an echo telling of the advance of time, and declaring that those who walk the earth, with the firm light step of youth and health, must at last seek a sleep in the dusky tomb. The diurnal revolutions of the suns and systems which spangle the high dome of Heaven declare how time runs on. The seasons, as they roll along, tell the same fact. It is heard alike in the whispering

breezes of summer, and the rough blasts of winter. The flowers of the field have decay stamped upon them, and from all the marvels of creation may man learn how frail he is ! But there is something more thrilling in the truth, that the works of his own hands shall outlive him, and that he may build a sepulchre where his own bones shall lie !



An Elegy

On the death of an Infant.

STILL is the spot where a mother hath laid thee ;
Voiceless as thee are the sleepers around ;
Sorrow's last tribute, alas ! hath been paid thee,
Over the newly-made, grass-cover'd ground.

Keen was the moment when she who adored thee
Watch'd the last breath of existence depart !
What had she given, could gifts have restored thee
Back to the joys of her home and her heart !

Gone hath thy spirit to regions unknown,
Where dwell the numberless shades of the past;
Who shall say whither that spirit hath flown,—
Glass'd in the sunbeam, or borne on the blast?

Haply it dwells on some haven of bliss,
Where not the wave of trouble may roll;
Haply—but wherefore conjecture like this?—
Bright be the home of thy bodiless soul!

Little I dream'd a few yesterdays past
Mine would so soon be the requiem hymn,
When, full of spirit, I gazed on thee last—
Flush'd with the vigour of health and of limb.

Hung be that harp in the hall, sad and lonely;
'There let it rest, as in slumber, for years:
It hath been kindled for thee, and thee *only*;
Every chord trembles yet fresh with my tears.





Life of Howard.

JUSTLY may the character which John Howard sustained in the drama of life be called the noblest. To alleviate the miseries of his fellow men, was the object for which he lived. For this he travelled the extent of Europe, enduring the excesses of heat and cold, undaunted by difficulties, undismayed by dangers. For this he visited the gaols and lazarettos of the Continent, pouring in the oil and wine of Heavenly consolation to their degraded and unhappy inmates : wherever sickness required a physician, Howard ministered ; wherever wretchedness required a comforter, Howard's soothing accents fell.

This eminent philanthropist was born at Hackney, in 1726. His father, who was a respectable tradesman, died at an early age, leaving his son to the care of a guardian. He received only an ordinary educa-

tion, but the strength of his mind, and the steadiness of his perseverance made up the deficiency. At a proper age he was apprenticed to an eminent wholesale grocer, but his constitution was too delicate to fit him for the labours of business, and his father having left him in circumstances which rendered it unnecessary to follow his trade to the injury of his health, he bought out the last part of his indenture, and made a tour upon the Continent. In 1782 he married Mrs. Lardeau, a lady who, though advanced in years and broken by infirmities, he had become attached to by her kindness and attention during his illness. In three years, however, his wife died, to his unfeigned sorrow. Being now disengaged from domestic duties, he formed the resolution of visiting Lisbon, which had then become the object of melancholy attraction by the recent earthquake. His friends strenuously dissuaded him from this undertaking, because of the danger of being captured by the French, with whom we were then at war. Their remonstrances were ineffectual; he persisted in his design, but the consequences were as they had foretold. One of the privateers of the enemy seized the ship in which he sailed, and he was lodged in a French prison. Here it was that he felt the horrors of confinement, and it is probable that the direction of his time and talents to

that object which has gained him everlasting honour was owing to this misfortune.

Soon after his liberation, he settled in a most retired and delightful spot near the town of Lymington, and here in 1788, he married Harriet, the only daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq.; but in less than ten years was again left a widower. In 1774 he was the unsuccessful candidate as a representative for the borough of Bedford. Before, however, he had aspired to a seat in the British Senate, he had served the office of high-sheriff for the County of Bedford, which, as he observed, "brought the distress of prisoners more immediately under his notice. This opening the cells of memory, caused him to consider his own unhappy lot when immured in a prison—never breathed upon by heaven's pure air, or smiled upon by heaven's bright sun—and thus was he led to form the benevolent design of visiting all the prisons and places of confinement in England, for the noble, the God-like purpose of alleviating the miseries of their wretched inmates, and ameliorating their condition.

Soon after, he was examined before the House of Commons on this subject, and received its thanks for his exertions. He had the happiness to find that his labours, voluntary though they were, had not been wholly in vain, as they excited the attention of the le-

gislature, and in some degrees were productive of the benefits proposed by him. This encouragement operated like a cordial to his mind, and having repeatedly visited the receptacles of crime, of poverty, and of misery, in Great Britain and Ireland, he extended his views to foreign parts.

In the prosecution of this benevolent design, he visited nearly all the countries of Europe, without any motive of interest or pleasure; buoyed up by no hopes, and stimulated by no prospects, except the high and lofty ones of benefiting his fellow creatures. These excursions, with the exception of some short periods which he spent at home, occupied the space of twelve years. On his return to England in the year 1789, he published an account of the principal lazarettos of the Continent, and in this volume he stated his intention of again quitting his native land for the purpose of revisiting Russia, Turkey, and part of the countries of the East. From this journey he never returned; but far from the land which glories that he sprang from her soil, his sacred dust lies buried; foreign hands prepared his resting-place, and foreign eyes paid him the homage of a tear.

The account of the death of this good and eminent man is thus minutely and pathetically given in 'Clarke's Travels:—

“ He had been entreated to visit a lady about twenty-four miles from Cherson, who was dangerously ill. To this he objected, alleging that he acted only as physician to the poor ; but, hearing of her imminent danger, he afterwards yielded to the persuasion of Admiral Mordvinof, and went to see her. After having prescribed that which he deemed proper to be administered, he returned, leaving directions with her family to send for him again if she got better ; but adding, that, if, as he much feared, she should prove worse, it would be to no purpose. Some time after his return to Cherson, a letter arrived, stating that the lady was better, and begging that he would come without loss of time. When he examined the date, he perceived that the letter, by some unaccountable delay, had been eight days in getting to his hands. Upon this, he resolved to go with all possible expedition. The weather was extremely tempestuous and very cold, it being late in the year, and the rain fell in torrents. In his impatience to set out, a conveyance not being immediately ready, he mounted an old dray-horse used in Admiral Mordvinof's family to carry water, and thus proceeded to visit his patient. Upon his arrival he found the lady dying ; this, added to the fatigue of the journey, affected him so much, that it brought on a fever. His clothes, at the same

time, had been wet through ; but he attributed his fever entirely to another cause. Having administered something to his patient to excite perspiration, as soon as the symptoms of it appeared, he put his hand beneath the bed-clothes to feel her pulse, that she might not be chilled by removing them, and believed that her fever was thus communicated to him. After this painful journey, Mr. Howard returned to Cherson, and the lady died.

“ It had been almost his daily custom, at a certain hour, to visit Admiral Priestman ; when, with his usual attention to regularity, he would place his watch on the table, and pass exactly an hour with him in conversation. The admiral, finding that he failed in his usual visits, went to see him, and found him weak and ill, sitting before a stove in his bedroom. Having inquired after his health, Mr. Howard replied, that his end was approaching very fast ; that he had several things to say to his friend, and thanked him for having called. The admiral finding him in such a melancholy mood, endeavoured to turn the conversation, imagining the whole might be merely the result of low spirits ; but Mr. Howard soon assured him it was otherwise, and added, ‘ Priestman, you style this a very dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon death ; but I entertain very

different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me : it is an event I always looked to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure ; and be assured, the subject of it is to me more grateful than any other. I am well aware I have but a short time to live ; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food, and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by diminishing my diet, be able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to exist on vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea ? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die.' Then, turning the subject, he spoke of his funeral ; and cheerfully gave directions concerning the manner in which he would be buried. Soon after he made his will ; leaving as his executor a trusty follower, who had lived with him more in the capacity of a friend than of a servant, and whom he charged with the commission of bearing his will to England. Soon after this, a letter was brought to him from England, containing intelligence of the improved state of his son's health ; stating the manner in which he passed his time in the country, and giving great reason to hope that he would recover from the disorder (insanity) with which he was afflicted. His servant read this letter

aloud; and when he had concluded, Mr. Howard turned his head towards him, saying, 'Is not this comfort for a dying father?' He expressed great repugnance against being buried according to the rites of the Greek Church, and begging Admiral Priestman to prevent any interference with his interment on the part of the Russian priests, made him also promise, that he would read the service of the church of England over his grave, and bury him in all respects according to the forms of his country. Soon after this last request he ceased to speak. Admiral Mordvinof came in, and found him dying very fast. They had in vain besought him to allow a physician to be sent for; but Admiral Mordvinof renewing this solicitation with great earnestness, Mr. Howard assented, by nodding his head. The physician came, but was too late to be of any service. A rattling in the throat had commenced, and the physician administered what is called the *musk draught*, a medicine used only in Russia in the last extremity. It was given to the patient by Admiral Mordvinof, who prevailed on him to swallow a little; but he endeavoured to avoid the rest, and gave evident signs of disapprobation. He was then entirely given over, and shortly after breathed his last."



Embalming.

It was the custom of the ancient Egyptians, as you may have read in the Bible, to preserve or embalm the bodies of their deceased friends, believing that after many thousand ages the soul would come back to retenant the body, in case the latter was preserved entire. Hence arose the custom of embalming, and the situation of the sepulchres in places not subject to the inundation of the river Nile. The light of the gospel has long since dispersed the gloom of such superstitious belief; but as an account of the manner in which these bodies were preserved, so that they have been enabled to brave time and defy corruption, is both curious and interesting, we have subjoined the following.

The manner of embalming among the Egyptians was as follows. A coffin was first prepared, the upper part of which represented the person of the deceased, and was generally adorned with paintings and embel-

lishments suitable to his quality. Preparations were then made for embalming the body, the price varying from a very small sum to about £300 sterling. An incision was first made in the left side, through which they drew all the intestines, except the heart and kidneys, and then washed them with palm-wine and other strong and binding drugs. The brains they drew through the nostrils with a hooked piece of iron, and filled the skull with astringent drugs. The whole body they anointed with oil of cedar, with myrrh, cinnamon, and other drugs, for about thirty days: by which means it was preserved entire, without so much as losing a hair, and even without any signs of putrefaction. It was then put into salt about forty days; so that when Moses says (Gen. i. 3.), "that forty days were employed in embalming Jacob," he must mean the forty days of his continuing in the salt of nitre, without including the thirty days spent in the other operations; so that in the whole they mourned seventy days in Egypt, as Moses likewise observes. Last of all, it was taken out of this salt, washed, and wrapped up in linen swaddling bands, dipped in myrrh, and rubbed with a certain gum, which the Egyptians used instead of glue, and then they restored the body to the relations, who put it into the coffin, and kept it in some repository, in their houses or in tombs made particularly

for that purpose. Strange infatuation! that the Egyptians, whose advancement in civilization is fully testified by their monumental remains, should be guilty of such debasing superstitions; but so it is; if men once forsake the precepts of religion, they become as sailors without a compass, as travellers without a guide.



The Gipsy Boy.

Oh lady! good lady, pray pity the fate
Of a poor wretched wand'rer, deprived of all joy;
Oh, list his sad complaints, while he begs at your gate!
But oh! your dog howls at the poor gipsy boy!

Cease, cease, cruel dog! I your pity implore;
'Tis my rags, I perceive, that your slumbers annoy;
But can't I be honest, good dog, though I'm poor?
Oh yes! I ne'er robb'd, though a motherless boy!

This coat, do but view it, so tatter'd and worn,
Three winters has shielded from rain and from snow;
Though my poor naked feet are quite harden'd to horn,
Yet my bosom can feel the full weight of my woe!

How hard is my fate when the ev'ning appears!

For alas! I've no cov'ring to shelter my head;
Then under some hay-stack I stifle my tears,
Till, falling in slumber, I sink on my bed!

Ten full moons have shone since my good mother died,—

Left me with my father to traverse the plain;
But he, cruel man, ne'er my cravings supplied;
But left me one morning asleep in a lane!

In vain have I sought him o'er moorland and steep,

But never been able his footsteps to trace;
Wherever I rest, 'tis, alas! but to weep;
For they who have plenty all frown in my face!

Full oft I've entreated the rich and the great,

To yield me some labour my hands to employ;
But heedless they've bid me begone from their gate,
And call'd me dishonest, 'cause I'm a poor boy!

E'en now to yon mansion I happen'd to go,

And for crumbs from the cupboard did anxiously stay,
When a footman, a savage, to treat a child so,
Call'd out a fierce bull-dog that drove me away.

Then, oh! my good lady, pray pity the fate

Of a poor wretched wand'rer, deprived of all joy,
Oh, drive not the motherless child from your gate,
But pity the plaints of a poor gipsy boy.



The Passionate Child.

OF the many instances recorded of the evil effects of passion—of children, who, by indulging in it, have entailed sorrow upon themselves and parents,—perhaps, there is none more remarkable than that which we are about to relate, hoping, by instances such as these, to warn you of its consequences.

Lord and Lady ——, were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very fond of this child, and she was, in truth, a very fine little creature, very lively, and merry, and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful; but, alas! she had a bad, bad, temper! She got into transports of rage when any thing vexed her, and would turn at or strike whoever provoked her—yet, when she grew calm, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so again; but at the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was

as angry as ever. When she was about five years old, her mamma had a little son, a sweet, little tender baby.

Now papa and mamma were very glad of this, and little Eveline would have been glad too; but the servants very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that papa and mamma would not care for her now; all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. "You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, I will," and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma's room, the servant in the nursery calling after, her—"Come, come, miss, you needn't go to your mamma's room; she wont see you now." Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a strange woman she had never seen before.

"My dear," said this person, "you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now;" she would have said more; she would have told Eveline that the reason she could not see her mamma then was because she was sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and carrying her into the nursery, put

her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, that she must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room. Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked servant began laughing, and said, "I told you that, miss; you see mamma do'sn't love you now!"

The poor child became mad with fury; despair and passion alike swelled her bosom, as if to give the feelings vent; she convulsively seized an iron, and flung it into the cradle; it struck the little tender head of the sleeping babe, which gave one feeble, struggling cry and breathed no more. The little creature was dead—dead—killed by its own sister!

This account we believe, is perfectly true. The unfortunate angry child was Anna, Countess of Livingston. She was also Countess of Crawford; and in her right, her son succeeded to the Earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing-iron which, in her paroxysm of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung into the infant's cradle. She was most amiable, and highly esteemed; but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortunate William, Earl of Kilmarnock (beheaded in 1746), who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstand-

ing this, his excellent, unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is well known.



The First Grief.

“OH! call my brother back to me!

I cannot play alone;

The summer comes with flower and bee—

Where is my brother gone?”

“He would not hear my voice, fair child!

He may not come to thee;

The face that once like spring-time smiled,

On earth no more thou’lt see.

“A rose’s brief, bright life of joy,

Such unto him was given;

Go, thou must play alone, my boy—

Thy brother is in heaven.”

“And has he left the birds and flowers,

And must I call in vain;

And through the long, long summer hours,

Will he not come again?

“And by the brook, and in the glade,

Are all our wanderings o’er?

Oh! while my brother with me play’d,

Would I had loved him more!”



SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS—No. 5.

Esau and Jacob.

IN concluding our last illustration of Scripture history, we promised to give you an account of Isaac's two sons, Esau and Jacob. There is much curious as well as interesting matter connected with the life of the patriarch Jacob, and from which many lessons for our instruction and improvement may be derived. There is also much in the character of Esau which deserves our imitation—who, though Jacob had deprived him both of his birthright and blessing, some time after, as you will presently see, willingly forgave him, and accepted a gift at his hands.

But to proceed. We have already told you that Isaac and Rebecca had two little sons, whom they named Esau and Jacob, and that it had been foretold the elder should serve the younger, from whom Christ, the promised seed, and Saviour of the world, should spring. Now, Esau was born a little before his brother

Jacob ; so that, if this had not been told Rebecca, the birthright and blessing would properly have belonged to him ; but God willed it otherwise ; and we intend to shew you by what means God brought about the ends which he designed.

As these two children grew up, there were soon displayed in their characters very opposite extremes. Jacob, it is said, "was a plain man, dwelling in tents," by which we may understand that he was a humble, quiet man, who looked upon himself as "a stranger and pilgrim upon earth ;" and cared little about its pleasures, cares, or riches. Esau, on the contrary, took great delight in the things of this world, and spent the greater part of his time in the field and the chase. One day, after he had been out hunting a long time, he came home hungry and fatigued, and seeing his brother eating pottage in the door of the tent, he eagerly asked him to "feed him with that same red pottage ;" but Jacob said, "If you will give me your birthright, I will give you some pottage ;" so Esau, who was weary, said, "Give me," and Jacob "gave him bread and pottage of lentiles, and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way ;" thus for one meal, he forfeited his birthright and the blessings consequent thereon. This much displeased God, for, as he was the eldest son, it was customary for him to offer sacri-

fice in the family ; but he thought little of these things, and entrusted them to his brother Jacob, whose thoughts and heart were fixed on better things—the promise of the Saviour, and to obtain the blessings treasured up in him, as it had been promised, that in “him and his family should all the nations of the earth be blessed.” It would be well for you to imitate him in this ; but it was wrong in him to tempt his brother to commit sin. Poor Esau, who was only concerned for his perishing body, and had no concern for the future, said, “Behold, I am at the point to die ! and what profit shall this birthright do to me ?” So he sold it, and gave up all his spiritual blessings “for bread and pottage of lentiles !” Alas my dear children, how many have consented to this dreadful bargain ! how many have turned their backs upon heaven, for the perishing things of earth. You cannot be the children of God and Mammon too ; that is, you cannot enjoy heaven and earth. Many are the temptations which await you ; but pause, and say, “Will this gratification pay me for the loss of heaven ?” “What will it profit me if I gain the whole world, and lose my precious soul ?” Rather pray for a heart to seek the birthright in Jesus, and truly to feel its value.

We have told you how Esau parted from his birthright ; you shall now hear how he lost the blessing.

Isaac was very fond of Esau, and loved him, because he was kind to him, and brought him venison to eat ; but Rebecca loved Jacob, because she believed that he was good, and feared God.

It was sinful in Isaac, who was probably acquainted with what had been told Rebecca, that "the elder should serve the younger," to purpose bestowing the blessing upon Esau ; for we read that, "when Isaac was old, and his eyes were dim, so that he could not see, he called unto him Esau, his eldest son, and said, "Behold now I am old, and know not the day of my death ; take thy bow and arrow, and fetch me some venison, that I may eat of it, and bless thee before I die." But Rebecca overheard what passed between Isaac and Esau, and went and told Jacob, for she began to fear that her beloved son was on the point of losing the blessing, and put no faith in God ; thus committing sin herself, and making Jacob sin also, which they both sorely repented ; for he obtained the blessing of his brother through false means, and was obliged to flee from him, whilst she never saw her beloved son again, for she died before his return. "And Rebecca said to Jacob, Go now, my son, and fetch me two kids, and I will dress them like venison, and you shall take it to your father, and obtain the blessing." But Jacob did not like to deceive his father, and was

afraid, and said, "Perhaps my father will curse and not bless me, as he knows my brother Esau." Then Rebecca, the better to conceal him, dressed him in his brother's clothes, and gave him the meat. But the poor blind old man suspected it was Jacob's voice, for he could not conceal that, and said, "Art thou my very son Esau?" and he said I am; but his father said, "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." And he blessed him.

Now Jacob had scarcely left his father when Esau came in, and having dressed his venison as he knew his father liked it, he took it to him. And now a most affecting scene takes place. When Isaac had just given his blessing as he thought to Esau, to hear his very son Esau come and ask for it! He said, who? I have just eaten of the venison of my son, and blessed him; "yea, and he shall be blessed." Here was a blow to poor Esau! when he heard this, he cried bitterly, and said, "Bless me, even me also, O my father!" But Isaac told him now that he had lost the blessing for ever, and that Jacob possessed it. But Esau cried out, "Hast thou but *one* blessing? O my father! bless me, even me also." How earnest is he now become for that, which once he lightly esteemed! but all in vain, for the *true* blessing has departed from him for ever. Oh that his cries may

pierce your hearts, that they may lead you to “ seek the Lord while he may be found, and to call upon him while he is near ! ” May the Holy Spirit bring the subject home to your hearts, and may you all take warning from unhappy Esau !

Profane, sorrowful Esau stands as a monument to all trifling minds ; and his bitter cries and tears seem to say, “ Behold ! ye despisers, and wonder, and perish.”

We shall endeavour, my dear young friends, to continue this account in our next, and conclude the history of Esau and Jacob.



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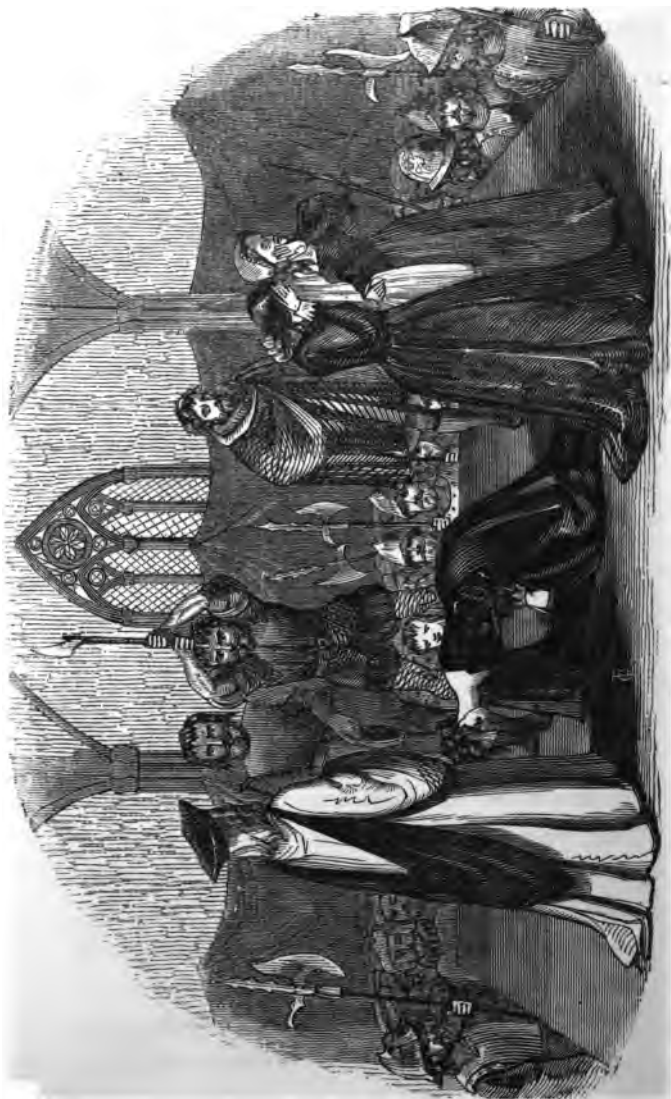
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Death of Mary, Queen of Scots.

THERE is scarcely a character in history which has occasioned so much controversy and dispute as that of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Her admirers put forth as the reason of the disasters which happened during her reign, the youth, the inexperience, the religion, of the unfortunate princess. Her enemies draw her as if possessed of no virtues—her beauty ! but as a goodly vestment thrown over a mass of vices !

It is neither our intention nor province to pass a verdict upon her character. Whatever may have been her crimes, the life she spent—a life of toil, disaster, and imprisonment—amply atoned for. If innocent, hard indeed was her fate. Her subjects rebelled, defeated, and imprisoned her ; and when she escaped their hands and sought an asylum in this country,—a land which boasts that it is the land of liberty,—in place of

being welcomed as a friend, she was first made captive, and then doomed to death, the account of which tragical event we are now about to relate.

On the 7th of February, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and shewing Mary the warrant for her execution, commanded her to prepare for death by 8 o'clock the following morning.

As soon as they had left, she ordered supper to be hastened, that she might have as much time as possible to arrange her few remaining affairs. She supped sparingly, according to her custom, but her usual cheerfulness did not leave her. She comforted her weeping servants; alone remaining calm and unmoved.

It is a sacred curiosity which seeks to know how celebrated persons meet their end. The last actions of the dying frequently tell their characters better than a history of their lives. The cry, "They run!" throws a flush of joy over the dying warrior's countenance, and shews that conquest was the ruling passion of his life. The last words of the virtuous man are, "See with what peace a Christian can die!"

Care for her servants was the chief thing which remained to occupy Mary's attention. She reviewed her will, and perused the inventory of her effects; these she bequeathed to different individuals, according to their rank or merit. At her accustomed hour she

retired to bed, and passed part of the night in uninterrupted repose ; then rising, she spent the remainder in prayer. Towards the morning she dressed herself in a rich habit of silk and velvet, and appeared with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside.

At eight o'clock the high sheriff entered her chamber, and informed her that the hour of execution had arrived. She came forth with a composed countenance and majestic demeanour, with a long veil on her head, and in her hand a crucifix of ivory.

In passing through a hall adjoining her chamber, she was met by the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, and other gentlemen of distinction. There also, Sir Andrew Melvil the master of her household, who had been excluded from her presence for some time, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he loved so much in such a situation, he burst into tears, and, wringing his hands, lamented his misfortune in having to carry such sad news to Scotland. "Weep not, good Melvil !" replied the Queen ; " but rather rejoice, for now Mary Stuart will be delivered from all her cares, and an end put to all her tedious sufferings."

Accompanied by a few of her attendants, who, after some objection, at their mistress's request were per-

mitted to attend her, she proceeded to the scaffold. The death warrant was then read by Beale, the clerk of the Privy Council, to which Mary listened with indifference, other subjects apparently engaging her thoughts, nor was she much more attentive to the prayers and exhortation of the Dean of Peterborough, who endeavoured to persuade her to renounce the Roman Catholic religion. She told him she was firmly resolved to die in that faith, and begged him to desist, as she had but little time left to her own devotions. She therefore fell on her knees and prayed aloud in Latin; after the Dean had finished speaking, she prayed again in the English tongue, fervently recommending the church, her son, and Queen Elizabeth, to the protection of the Almighty.

She now began, with the aid of her two women, to disrobe herself; and the executioner also lent his hand to assist them. She smiled, and said, that she was not accustomed to undress before so large a company, nor to be served by such valets. One of her maids, whom she had appointed for that purpose, covered her eyes with a handkerchief; she laid herself down without any sign of fear or trepidation, and her head was severed from her body at two strokes by the executioner. He instantly held it up to the spectators, streaming with blood, and agitated with the convul-

sions of death. The Dean of Peterborough alone exclaimed, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" The Earl of Kent alone replied, "Amen!" The attention of all the other spectators was fixed on the melancholy scene before them; and zeal and flattery alike gave place to present pity and admiration of the expiring princess.

The body was, after some days, interred in Peterborough cathedral, and from thence, on the accession of her son to the English throne, it was removed to Westminster, where a beautiful monument was erected to her memory.

Hapless princess! unmatched in beauty and unparalleled in misfortune, rude was the pillow on which thy dying head rested, rude the hands, which straightened thy stiffened limbs. An instance thou art of the instability of human greatness! Once thou hadst two powerful kingdoms under thy sway—at last thou couldst not find a spot on either for a grave!





NATURAL HISTORY—No. 3.

The Lion.

REGARDED in any point of view, to an inquiring mind, nature presents an abundance of subjects full of interest and instruction. The beast, the bird, the insect, unfold a world of wonders, and display the goodness of God, in all his works of creation. So beautiful are the means adapted to the ends they are designed to serve, that whether we contemplate the noblest or the minutest of earth's varied inhabitants, there is nothing superfluous, nothing wanting.

Of all the beasts which roam over the earth's wide range, the Lion claims pre-eminence; and from his strength and noble bearing, he has been justly called the monarch of the forest. His figure is fine, his look, firm and determined, his walk stately, and his voice tremendous. The exterior of this noble creature accords with his well known generosity.

This animal is generally about three or four feet high,

tokens of more tender feelings than are to be found in most other carnivorous animals.

The maternal affection of the lioness is very great. Though naturally weaker and less courageous than the lion, she becomes, when surrounded by her family, most dreadfully ferocious, fears no danger, and attacks both men and beasts. She generally rears her young family in secluded and inaccessible places, and, to prevent discovery, has been known to conceal the tracks of her feet by moving her tail over them, and by that means leaving no trace. But should the hunters track her, and attempt to rob her of her young, which is frequently done, her rage becomes unbounded, and she defends them to the last extremity. These lordly creatures generally inhabit the more southern countries, some parts of Asia, and are to be found in great numbers both in North and South Africa, but in considerably less numbers than they used to be, many having been taken to exhibit in menageries and other places, in countries where they are not to be found in their wild state; and many are killed by the hunters, it being a very favourite sport in the East. We will now give our young friends a short account of the mode which they are hunted :—

“We generally sally out in parties of ten to twenty, with our guides, all well mounted on elephants. Each

has a great deal of long shaggy hair round the head, and a long mane, which gives him a commanding appearance. He is not too bulky, like the elephant; or unwieldy, as the ox; but on the contrary is beautifully made and proportioned. Equally strongly-built and active, neither overloaded with fur and flesh, he seems to be constituted entirely of nerve and muscle; his great force is manifested by the prodigious leaps and bounds which he performs with ease,--and the brisk movements of his tail, a single blow of which is strong enough to throw a man down.

When in the act of seizing on his prey, the deep-toned thunder of his roar is heightened into a horrid scream, which accompanies the fatal leap. The smaller animals, terrified at the appalling sound, flee from their hiding-places, where they would be safe, as he does not hunt by scent, and thus expose themselves to their enemies, and certain death. But the lion, unlike most other beasts of prey, only seeks his victims when in a state of hunger, and when satisfied, ceases to be an enemy; as several instances are recorded by travellers of these tremendous creatures having crossed their paths, quite close to them, without molesting them. But when urged by hunger, he is as fearless as he is powerful, though, in a state of confinement, or when not exposed to extreme want, he generally exhibits

animal is capable of carrying five or six of us seated in a howdah, or sort of chair, which is fastened on its back to prevent our falling. Two gentlemen, with two or three attendants, occupy one of these howdahs, with a driver, who is seated on the neck of the animal. Being all well prepared with arms, and powder and shot, we proceed at once to the jungle, or high grass peculiar to that part of the country, and beat about in it until we rouse our game ; having succeeded in this, should he not be the first to attack us, which is seldom the case, we all take deliberate aim, and generally succeed in killing or severely wounding him.

It may appear strange to you that elephants should be employed for hunting, but they are peculiarly adapted for it in the country which they inhabit, as horses could make no way through the jungle ; and they have an advantage over horses in their great height ; for, should the lion only be wounded, he would of course immediately turn and attack us, when the elephants greatly assist in defending us, and frequently in killing him with his tusks, as the following little anecdote, told by an English officer, will shew you :—

“ A lion charged my friend’s elephant, who, having wounded him, was in the act of leaning forward in order to fire another shot, when the front of the howdah suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated

over the head of the elephant into the very jaws of the furious beast. The lion, though severely hurt, immediately seized him, and would doubtless soon have put a fatal termination to the conflict, had not the elephant, urged by her mahout, or driver, stepped forward, though greatly alarmed, and grasping in her trunk the top of a young tree, bent it down across the back of the lion, with such force as to compel it to quit its hold. My friend's life was thus saved, though he was severely torn by the lion, and had his arm broken."





Mozart's Violin.

ABOUT sixty years ago, a poor dealer in nicknacks, named Ruttler, took up his abode at the upper extremity of the Fauxbourg Saint Joseph at Vienna. The scanty profits of his little trade but ill sufficed for the support of a wife and fourteen children ; the eldest of whom was but sixteen years of age. Ruttler, however, notwithstanding the discouraging position of his affairs, was kind-hearted, and ever ready to serve his friends ; the needy traveller was never known to quit his door without the benefit of his advice or his charity. An individual, whose serious deportment and benevolent expression of countenance were calculated to inspire respect and interest, passed regularly every day before the door of Ruttler's shop. The individual in question was evidently struggling against the influence of a desperate malady ; nature seemed no longer to have any charms in his eyes. A languid smile would, however, play around his discoloured lips as Ruttler's children

each morning saluted him on his passage, or heedlessly pursued him with their infant gambols. On such occasions his eyes were raised to heaven, and seemed in silence to implore for the young innocents an existence happier than his. Ruttler, who had remarked the stranger, and who seized every occasion to be of service, had obtained the privilege of offering him a seat every morning on his return from his usual walk. The stranger frankly accepted the proffered civility, and Ruttler's children often warmly disputed with each other the prerogative of setting the humble stool before their father's guest. One day the stranger returned from his walk rather earlier than usual. Ruttler's children accosted him with smiles. "Sir," said they, "mamma has this night given us a pretty little sister." Upon this, the stranger, leaning on the arm of the eldest child, presented himself in Ruttler's shop, and kindly asked after his wife. Ruttler, who was going out, confirmed his children's prattle; and after thanking his guest for his inquiries—"Yes, sir," said he, "this is the fifteenth child that Providence has sent us." "Worthy man!" cried the stranger, in a tone of anxiety and sympathy; "and yet a scanty portion of the treasures showered on the courtiers of Schoenbrunn lights not on your humble dwelling. Age of iron; when talent, virtue, honour, are admired only when the tomb closes on them for

ever. But," added he, "have you a godfather for the infant?" "Alas! sir, the poor man with difficulty finds a sponsor for his child. For my other children I have usually claimed the good offices of some chance passer or neighbour as poor as myself." "Call her Gabrielle. Here are a hundred florins for the christening feast, to which I invite myself, and by taking charge of which you will oblige me."

Ruttler hesitated. "Come, come," said the stranger, "take them; when you know me better, you will see that I am not unworthy to share your sorrows. But you can render me a service. I perceive a violin in your shop; bring it me—here—to this table.—I have a sudden idea, which I must commit to paper." Ruttler hastily detached the violin from the peg to which it was suspended, and gave it to the stranger, whose skill drew from the instrument such extraordinary sounds that the street was soon filled with a crowd of inquisitive listeners. A number of personages of the highest distinction, recognising the artist by his melody, stopped their carriages.

The stranger, entirely engrossed by his composition, paid no attention to the crowd that surrounded Ruttler's shop. When he had terminated, he thrust into his pocket the paper on which he had been writing, left his address with Ruttler, and took leave of him, intimating

that he should expect to receive due notice of the christening. Three days elapsed, and the stranger returned no more. In vain Ruttler's children placed the stool before their father's door. On the third day, several persons dressed in black, and their countenances impressed with the seal of woe, stopped before the humble seat, which they contemplated with sadness. Ruttler then determined to make some personal inquiries as to the fate of his former guest. He arrived at the house to which the stranger had addressed him. The door was hung with black, a coffin was illuminated with an immense quantity of wax-lights; a crowd of artists, of grandees, of scientific and literary men, deplored the fatal event that had taken place. For the first time the truth flashed across Ruttler's mind; he learned with astonishment that he, whose funeral obsequies were on the point of celebration—his guest, his benefactor, the proposed godfather of his child—was Mozart! Mozart had exhaled his last melodious sigh at Ruttler's miserable threshold! Seated on a shapeless stool, he had composed his harmonious requiem, the last strain of Germany's expiring swan! Ruttler had paid the last sad tribute of respect to one whom he had honoured and revered without knowing him. Returning home, he was astonished to find his modest asylum invaded by

the idle crowd, who offer incense on the shrine only when the deity has departed. The circumstances just detailed brought Ruttler's establishment into vogue, and enabled him to amass a competency and provide for his fifteen children. Conformably to the wish expressed by Mozart, the youngest was named Gabrielle, and the violin on which the great composer had played a few days before his death served as the marriage-portion of his god-daughter when she had attained the age of sixteen. The same violin was afterwards sold for 4000 florins. Ruttler never would consent to part with the seat on which Mozart had sat, notwithstanding the tempting sums offered for it. The honest merchant resolved to keep it, as a monument at once of his former poverty and of his present good fortune.



The Evening Star.

YON glimmering evening star, how bright
It pours its beam thro' the dim twilight!
Deigning to smile on a world of care—
Itself so joyous, so sweet, so fair!

Gazing on its pale silvery beam
So softly shining, I dream a dream
Of better, brighter, happier years,
Untinged by sorrow, unstain'd by tears !

Some fresh oasis, in years to come,
Where a wounded spirit may find its home !
Some fair isle, 'midst the desert sea
Of drearish dull mortality !

Where Bliss, like a cherub, sits alone
Gazing on beauties all its own ;
Where the harassing cares of fate are o'er,
And the world's vain pleasures can tempt no more !

Mark ! how its light thro' the dim sky streams,
Lighting all earth with its silvery beams !
Too purely bright, too chastely fair
For aught of evil to harbour there !

But hark to yon deep, long mournful chime !
It warns of the quick advance of Time ;
It calls me hence, that gloomy knell ;
Thou glimmering evening star ! farewell !





LESSONS IN ANCIENT HISTORY.



Greece.

THE country called Greece was formerly divided into several states, or different sorts of people ; each of which had laws and governors of its own, but they did not unite together as one people under one king.

Among these states Sparta and Athens were the most famous ; the first on account of its laws, the other on account of its arts and sciences.

Lycurgus was the law-giver of Sparta ; he contrived a number of very good laws. Lycurgus knew that it was proper to give children a good education ; and as most of the people of Sparta spoiled their children by indulging them too much, he made it a law in Sparta, that parents should send their children to the public schools ; and, that they might not be dainty, he made them all eat together at public tables, where they were ashamed to be so.

Athens was still more renowned for wisdom than Sparta. The Athenians, indeed, were quite a different kind of people from the Spartans ; the latter were plain and hardy ; the former were very fond of ingenious men, who could write clever books, speak well, paint fine pictures, make fine statues, and build magnificent houses and palaces.

Athens, as well as Sparta, had a famous law-giver ; his name was Solon ; a man greatly beloved by the whole city, on account of his wisdom and meekness of temper.

Solon made a number of good laws ; and the people of Athens promised to obey them for a hundred years at least ; upon which he resolved to travel into differ-

ent countries, that he might improve himself in wisdom. When he was gone, the people of Athens fell into confusion. Solon, on his return, endeavoured to set them right ; but a man named Pisistratus, by artful tricks, made himself master of the Athenians, and prevented Solon's laws from being obeyed. Solon, therefore, finding he could do them no more service, threw down his sword, and said, "I have done all the good in my power for my country and its laws ; but as I am of no further use here, I will take my leave of Athens." He immediately departed, and ended his days, about two years afterwards, in the island of Cyprus.

When Darius, king of Persia, was raising his army to go against Greece, the Athenians stirred up the courage of their countrymen to withstand them ; and a famous battle was fought by the Athenians with the Persians, under the command of Miltiades, called the battle of Marathon, in which they gained a signal victory. But the Athenians were afterwards very ungrateful to their brave general, and suffered him to perish in a prison, and would not even permit his body to be buried till his debts were paid.

The history of the Athenians is too long for us to relate ; but we must just mention, that this state produced a number of the most famous warriors and

philosophers that ever lived : amongst the last, was Socrates, who was very ill-treated by his countrymen, and at last put to death.

Macedon was for a long time a little state in Greece, not famous for anything, excepting that its kings always governed according to the laws of the country, which were very good ones, and that their children were well educated. The sons of the kings were brought up under the best masters, in the love of knowledge of all things great and glorious upon earth ; and the daughters were instructed in whatever could make them amiable. But the neighbouring states looked upon the Macedonians as a contemptible people, because they had not such great armies as many of them had.

At length, after most other kings had reigned over Macedon, one named Philip came to the throne, who determined that he would try to make his kingdom as famous as those of other countries.

For this purpose he soon had a great many men trained to be soldiers, and sent them to fight with different people who lived near Macedon—these they soon subdued. Philip then contrived to make the other states of Greece quarrel ; and when they were quite tired with fighting one another, he made them all submit to him, which they were the more ready to

do, because he gave them hopes that he could lead them on to conquer Persia. But before Philip set out on this expedition, he was killed by one of his own subjects, who had conspired against him.



On Faith.

"MAMMA, the clergyman oft says,
When we are gather'd round,
That all God's people ever should
In holy faith abound.

"And as I know not what this is
On which so many dwell,
Do, dearest mother, tell me now;
For you expound so well."

"I will, my darling, therefore look
Upon that little seed,
And know that, were it not for faith,
'Tis worthless as a weed.

"For never should we plant or sow
One particle of grain,
And let it in the cold damp earth
So very long remain;

"Believing, at some distant day,
If nursed by sun and show'r,
'Twill yield a store of food for man,
Or else become a flower.

"Had we not faith that teaches us,
However strange it be,
To credit many wondrous things
We ne'er on earth shall see!

"Yet, though we see not, must believe,
As when I tell of Him,
Before whose dazzling form, ye know,
Both sun and stars are dim!

"And of those spirit worlds to which
We must hereafter go,
And enter on immortal bliss,
Or scenes of endless woe!

"Then make it, my beloved child,
Your constant daily care,
When bending at the throne of Grace,
To supplicate in prayer.

"A portion large of faith wherewith
To do your Maker's will;
And his commands, howe'er so dark,
Implicitly fulfil.

"For ye must not forget, my son,
The word of God declares,
That some who lived the life of faith
In death were glorious heirs."

M. A. H.



Death.

“Death! which comes alike to all,
Caused by man’s untimely fall.”

“We all,” says an inspired writer ; “ we all do fade as the leaf.” To man, then, as to the sweet floweret at his feet, there is a spring-time of growth, a summer of maturity, and an autumn of decay. Did the thought that you must die ever come across your mind ? that those limbs must grow stiff and cold, and that eye become dim, and that cheek lose its hue of health, and, cold and inanimate, you would be laid in the dark still grave ?

If we gaze upon the wonders of creation, and examine the flowers of the field, which bloom and wither around us, we shall soon have perceptible evidence of the power and influence of Death, whose sway extends on every side, and whose sovereignty all nature owns ; —the beast, the bird, the insect, alike are influenced by it ; but with them Death is the end of all things.

It is a common opinion to regard death as painful—a thing of anguish, and suffering, and torment; as if the soul and body were wett together by cords so strong that joint must be wrenched from joint, ere the spirit can set herself free.

However just the opinion may be, there are other cases where life gently trickles away, all so calm and serene, that the last action of a man's life is that which has most concerned him. Thus, the astronomer would speculate what star would be his home when time should have become eternity; the geologist, what would be the strata in which his body would be placed; the poet which of his lays would be carved on his grave-stone. The naturalist would ask to be placed where he might behold the joyful face of nature, arrayed in all her loveliness, ere he was called from a spot he delighted so much in. What the actual pain of dissolution may be, the living cannot tell—our exit from this stage of troubles, like our entrance into it, is mantled in obscurity; and as none can tell what it was to begin life, so none can conjecture what it will be to end it.

The sensations which are excited in the act of dying must be greatly modified by the character of the individual, and the part which he has had to play in the great drama of life. As in sleep, so in death, the mind

will exercise itself on those topics which have been most forcibly impressed on the imagination. Napoleon, when dying, and in the act of speaking to the clergyman, reproved his sceptical physician in these words, "You are above these weaknesses, but what can I do? I am neither a philosopher nor physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father—it is not every one who can be an atheist." The last words he uttered—"Head!" "Army!"—clearly evinced what visions were passing through his mind at the moment of dissolution. The last words of a celebrated judge were, "Gentlemen of the Jury, you are discharged!"

The death of Cardinal Beaufort, who was accused of having murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is said to have been one of the most terrific scenes ever witnessed. Despair in its worst form took possession of his mind at the last moment. According to Harpsfield, his dying words were—"And must I, then, die? Will not all my riches save me? I could purchase a kingdom, if that would save my life! What! is there no bribing death?" How terrifically has Shakspeare delineated the last scene in the Cardinal's life: it is difficult to know which most to admire, its historical accuracy, or poetical beauty. It is said that Haller, the great physiologist, died feeling his pulse. When he found that he was almost gone, he turned to his

brother physician and said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died. Petrarch was found dead in his library leaning on a book. Bede died in the act of dictating. Roscommon uttered at the moment he expired lines of his own version of 'Dies iræ.' Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before his window, that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature.

From these, and similar instances, which might be enumerated, it is evidently shewn that man's ruling passion clings to him to the end, and is vividly shewn in his last look or action.





CHAMOIS HUNTING.

THE hunting of the chamois and ibex forms one means of subsistence pursued by the Swiss peasant, and which, from the nature of the employment, he prefers to any other.

The wild sport of the chase has at all times been the favourite employment of men in a half-civilized state of society, and the danger which is encountered in this perilous pursuit, only serves to give the hunter a keener relish for the chase. A violent fondness is often conceived for this dangerous sport, which sometimes produces fatal effects.

Hunters, two or three in company, generally proceed without dogs. They carry a sharp hoe to cut steps in the ice, each his rifle, hooks to be fastened to his shoes, a mountain stick with a point of iron, a short spy-glass, barley-cakes, cheese, and brandy made of gentian or cherries. Sleeping the first night at some of those huts, which are left open at all times, and always provided with a little dry wood for a fire, they reach their hunting grounds at daylight.

The ibex is an object of great value to the Swiss, and incredible are the dangers attending its pursuit. Being exceedingly fearful, and its sense of smell and sight very acute, it is difficult to approach. The hunter must be a man of excellent constitution, being frequently obliged to endure the extremity of cold after being heated by exertion. The gnawing pangs of hunger and the parchings of thirst frequently assail him, and often can he find no resting-place for his jaded limbs, save the flinty rock. He must have great bodily strength to enable him to climb all day, laden with a gun, ammunition and provisions, and the game he may have the fortune to kill.

The following narrative will give some idea of the hair-breadth escapes the hunters frequently have while in pursuit of their game :—

“The 7th of August, 1808, I set out for Salvent. I directed my route by the great St. Bernard, towards the mountains of the Censolles, on the frontiers of Piedmont. I traversed, during a month, the places the ibexes commonly inhabit, without perceiving any traces of them. I passed at length to the Alps, which separate Piedmont from Savoy, where I soon discovered ibex tracks. Although I was not timid, I could not prevail upon myself to scale alone the very dangerous steep. I procured, therefore, three other

hunters, and we set out full of hope and courage. It was on the 28th of September when we arrived, across rocks, and along the brinks of the deepest abysses, at the haunts of the ibexes. We perceived at a distance five near each other ; but a violent storm arose, and in less than an hour all was buried a foot deep in snow. It was equally dangerous for us to advance or to recede ; and we remained there a considerable time, not knowing what to resolve on : however, the desire and the hope of soon reaching our prey urged us forward. A ledge of rock, scarcely wide enough for the foot to rest on, and suspended over a terrible abyss, offered the only means of arriving at the spot where we had seen the ibexes. The dangers of this narrow path were increased by the newly-fallen snow, which rendered the surface of these rocks still more slippery. As we advanced on this narrow cornice, we could not plant the left foot firmly without suffering the right leg and part of the body to hang over the precipice. We had already made some progress in this perilous path, stepping along in silence, when suddenly the foremost of our party lost his balance, and fell to the bottom of the abyss. His last cry reached our ears, and thrilled us with horror ; a general tremour seized us and increased our danger. We resolved to retrace our steps ; and it was not without indescribable exertions that we suc-

ceeded in extricating ourselves from this peril. We returned very sad to our lodging, thinking only of seeking for our unhappy companion ; but all our endeavours were without success. The season was, however, too far advanced for the chase any longer to be thought of. I resolved not to begin my expedition so late another year.

“ The following summer I set out on the 26th of July, and again penetrated among the Alps, as far as the borders of Piedmont. After having traversed the wild solitudes unsuccessfully for some days, I thought I perceived at length, some tracks at the foot of a chain of mountains almost inaccessible. I made a little stock of provisions, and attempted, with infinite difficulty, to scale the rocks. I began to ascend early in the morning, and it was not till the approach of night that I reached the height where I hoped to surprise the ibexes ; for you never succeed when placed lower down than the animals. It is necessary to wait for them on the heights, because they ascend as they return from grazing. I endeavoured, therefore, to encamp for the night under a rock, where I might be a little sheltered from the wind, which was extremely piercing. A piece of bread and a glass of brandy usually made all my supper. I soon fell asleep ; but the cold did not fail quickly to awake me ; and I waited impatiently for the

dawn. Making a fire to warm myself was out of the question, as it would have scared the ibexes: besides, the nearest fir-trees were three or four leagues below me; and how could I have gone to fetch wood so far, and have carried it among the steep rocks and precipices. No resource remained for warming myself, but motion. I ran to and fro, as far as the space permitted; I carried stones from one place to another; I then leaped over the stones; thus I contrived to avoid perishing with cold.

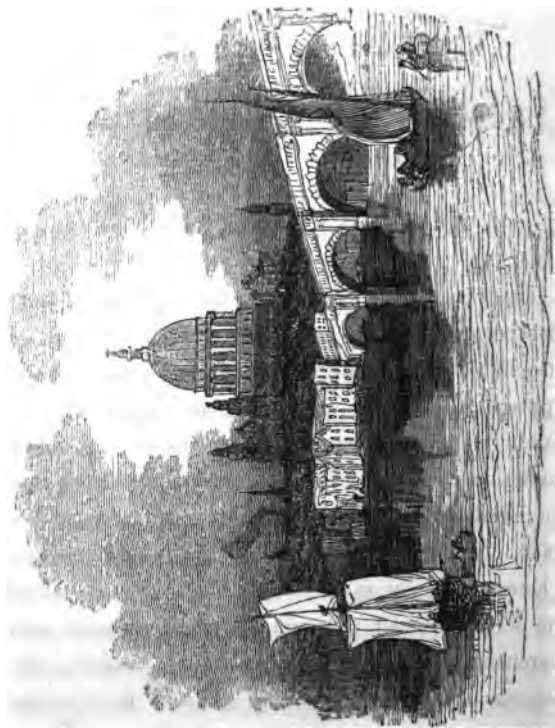
“When day at length arrived, I quitted my exercise, and waited impatiently for the ibexes, whose numerous tracks afforded great hopes; but I could nowhere perceive any. I beat about the neighbourhood all day; everywhere I found traces, but no animal came in sight, I returned to my last night’s quarters; the weather was calm, and I slept till daybreak. I rose and seized my gun; but my expectations were still deceived for that day. What was still more mortifying, I perceived that the ibexes had passed close to me, and even fed round me during the night. I consequently resolved not to quit this place until I had obtained my object. Although my provisions were now almost exhausted, I persisted in remaining one day more on this summit, continually occupied in watching for my prey. The sun had already set, when I espied an ibex within gun-

a few leaps, and disappeared from my sight with the swiftness of an arrow. There was no longer daylight enough for me to follow his traces, so that I found myself obliged to wait till the next morning.

"It was scarcely daylight when I hastened to begin my search. I soon discovered traces of blood, which convinced me that I had not missed my aim; and afforded hopes of soon reaching my prey; but it was not until noon that I discovered the animal lying down at a great distance. He rose, made a few bounds, and lay down again. When I had crept nearer, he appeared to see me; but, as he made a bound, he was reached by another shot, which I aimed at him; and I at length found myself in possession of a prey which had been the object of all my efforts during twenty days.

"I still had many dangers to encounter from the jealousy of the Italian hunters; for I was not on the Swiss territory. In order to avoid this risk, I was obliged carefully to shun the beaten paths and inhabited places, and steal, by night, through the most difficult passes, I was more than once on the point of losing my life. At length, I accomplished my task, and arrived at my house extremely fatigued."







LONDON SIGHTS.—No. 3.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

IN every quarter of the globe has the name of London been heard ; the fame of her greatness extends to the limits of the earth. On the first view, London appears all wealth, all power, all happiness, the public buildings which adorn her streets seem noble enough to form palaces for the world's monarchs ; and the houses of her citizens splendid enough for nobles' halls. But look closer, and the delusion is broken. Thousands are at the lowest ebb of poverty—whilst the warehouses of this emporium are crowded with merchandise. Many, very many, are wanting the necessaries of life, whilst the ships of England are dotting every ocean, and bringing from every land the choicest of its productions.

The view we present of this mighty city is taken from Blackfriar's Bridge.

Here are houses so thickly clustered that they seem one solid mass ; at short distances from each other, the heaven pointing spires rise ; whilst in the centre of them, and far above them all, like a monarch surrounded by his princes, the magnificent Cathedral of St. Paul rears its lofty dome, a short account of which magnificent structure we subjoin for the instruction and amusement of our youthful readers :—

This vast fabric and its churchyard are surrounded by a low wall, surmounted by a strong iron balustrade. The form of the cathedral is that of a cross. Its length, within the walls, is 500 feet ; its breadth from north to south, within the doors of the porticoes, 228, and in the grand entrance, 110 feet.

Magnificent as the appearance of this structure is without, the interior is, if anything, still more imposing. On entering the building, its vast extent fills the beholder with admiration ; but it is immediately beneath the dome, on casting the eye upward, that the grandeur is more particularly discernible. The interior of the dome is adorned with a series of paintings by Sir James Thornhill, illustrative of the most remarkable events in the life of St. Paul ; but the effect is lost from their being placed at too great a distance from the spectator.

The first stone of this cathedral was laid on the

21st of June, 1675, by the architect himself, Sir Christopher Wren, who lived to see his son, thirty-five years afterwards, deposit the highest stone of the cupola of the lantern tower. An excellent law made by Sir Christopher to prevent the new temple from profanation, cannot be passed by unnoticed: he affixed orders on various parts of the building, forbidding the workmen from swearing on pain of dismissal.

The interest attached to this magnificent structure has of late years been considerably increased by numerous monumental memorials erected in it, at the national expense, in honour of persons eminent for their public services. There, placed on a marble pedestal, is a full length figure of the philanthropic Howard, whose name will be held in everlasting remembrance; there, also, is a full length statue of that great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, attired in the costume of an ancient Roman senator; and numerous other monuments commemorative of the deaths, victories, and services of distinguished military and naval commanders; but, that which will, perhaps, most interest the general visitor is a plain stone raised about eighteen inches above the pavement, beneath which, repose the remains of the great architect himself—the founder of this magnificent structure: a marble tablet

on the wall above bears a simple, but sublime inscription, in Latin, which may be appropriately rendered thus: "Beneath, lies Christopher Wren, the Architect of this Church, and city; who lived ninety years, not for himself only, but for the public good. Reader, dost thou seek his monument? Look around!"



Hope.

HOPE is the compass of the soul,
That points to bliss beyond the stars;
When billows upon billows roll,
And nature with old Ocean wars.

Hope is the sail our thoughts extend,
To bear our fancy o'er the seas;
When gentler gales their influence lend,
To waft us back to home and ease.

And when our fortune proves unkind,
And joy is changed for care and strife,
Then Hope's the anchor of the mind
That moors us to the port of life.



SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS—No. 6.

Esau and Jacob.

JACOB, indeed, as we have shewn you, obtained the blessing; but he would have equally gained it had he left God to secure the fulfilment of his own word. He was impatient and fearful; he used fraud where he should have exercised faith; and, therefore, though he obtained the blessing, it brought with it sorrow and affliction.

Esau we left pleading for the blessing of his father. He did plead, with earnestness, but all in vain!

Isaac, although he loved Esau, had but *one* blessing to bestow, and said unto him, "God will give thee many blessings, but Jacob will be greater than thou. Thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and the dew of Heaven from above." Thou shalt live by thy sword; but thou shalt serve thy brother, until thou have the dominion, when thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck.

Then Esau was very angry with his brother, and wickedly sought to kill him; saying, "Our father will soon die, and after the mourning, then will I slay Jacob, because he hath taken my birthright, and deceitfully received the blessing of my father." But Rebecca heard of this, and went and told Jacob, and sent him away to his uncle Laban, her brother, until Esau should have forgotten what he had done, and be reconciled to him; "For," said she, "why should I be deprived of both of you in one day." Then his father and mother both blessed him, and charged him not to marry a Canaanite, but take one of his uncle's daughters for a wife.

Hitherto the deception of Jacob had profited him but little; in place of a blessing, he seemed to have drawn down a curse upon his head; and was obliged to flee from the anger of his brother whom he had deceived.

During the live-long day he pursued his toilsome journey to the home of his relative; and as night closed in with its darkness, alone—a wanderer from his father's home, an outcast, and a fugitive—he sought for a couch on which to rest his weary limbs, but there was none—the wide waste of country lay before him! rich it might be in fertility, and beautiful in its landscapes; but no trace of human habitation was

discernible to the traveller's eye. The ground was the only bed ; and the heavens, spangled with bright stars, the only curtain—so that as soon as the sun was set, (for night in the countries within the tropics comes on at once, and is not preceded by a twilight, as in our own,) he made a pillow of the stones of the place, and sought repose in slumber.

But Jacob had sinned, and was now being punished for that sin ; but God would not permit his servant to be entirely cast down, or leave him without some encouraging manifestation.

It had before-time been promised to Abraham, that in his seed, which was Isaac, should all nations be blessed ; and of the two sons of Isaac, God chose the younger, Jacob, to be the repository of his promises, and the ancestor of Christ.

And now, when he might be thinking that because he had gained the blessing by fraud, there would, probably, be no worth in it—God gave him a dream, at once cheering and encouraging, which, though it excited in him feelings of gratitude, filled him with apprehensions of the majesty of God.

And while he dreamed, he beheld a ladder fixed upon the earth, and reaching up into heaven, “and the angels of God ascending and descending on it.” And the Lord stood above, and renewed the promises made to his

forefathers, declaring that the land on which he lay, an exile and a fugitive, should yet be given to himself and his posterity—that his children should be multiplied as the stars in heaven, and as the sands on the sea-shore—and that his divine protection should everywhere accompany him.

This, being probably the first vision Jacob had ever been favoured with, made such an impression upon him, that, when he awoke, he broke out into a rapture of wonder and admiration, exclaiming, “Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not;” and he was afraid, and said, “How dreadful is this spot, this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!” Then he rose up, and took the stone which he had used, and set it up as a pillar, and pouring oil upon it, called it holy ground, and gave it the name of Bethel, which is “the house of God,” because the Lord appeared to him there. And he vowed a vow, that, “if God will be with me, and will keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father’s house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God.”

He now proceeded on his journey, and coming near to Laban’s house, saw, in a field, a flock of sheep, with their shepherds, standing by a well; and he said to the men, “Do you know Laban? Is he well?”

They said, " We do know him, and he is well ;" but here comes Rachel, his daughter, with the sheep. Then Jacob, knowing that she was his cousin, ran and kissed her, and wept, thinking of his dear father and mother whom he had left, and should, perhaps, never see again. Then Rachel went and told Laban that Jacob had come ; and he came to meet him, and took him home ; and he lived with him many years, and kept his sheep. Jacob now became very fond of his cousin Rachel, and married her ; and, after some time, they had a son, whom they called Joseph. Soon after his birth, Jacob entreated his uncle to dismiss him, and let him and his family return into his own country to his father. And God gave him great possessions of sheep, oxen, goats, and camels. Laban, when he saw that he had more cattle than he, was angry and jealous. Then Jacob took his family and his cattle and went away secretly, and had gone a great distance before Laban knew it, who then pursued after him, and overtook him ; but God would not let Laban hurt him ; so he only upbraided him for going away secretly, kissed his sons and daughters, blessed them, and departed.

But Jacob had now fresh troubles ready to assail him. For as he drew near unto Seir, where Esau dwelt, considering how he parted from him in anger,

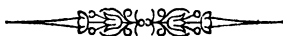
sent messengers unto him to acquaint him of his wealth, and of his return to his native country, and his wish to be reconciled unto him before he passed over Jordan.

The messengers soon returned to Jacob, saying, "Thy brother Esau is coming to meet thee, and four hundred men with him." Then was Jacob very much afraid, and said, "Perhaps Esau is still angry, and is coming to kill me, and the mother with the children." Then he divided his company, and sent some on with presents to his brother, thinking to appease him.

Jacob prayed to God to deliver him from the wrath of his brother, and He heard his prayer. In the night he sent an angel to comfort him, and tell him that his name was no longer to be called Jacob, but Israel.

As soon as the morning dawned, Esau with his men were seen approaching. What shall we now expect? Will he not fall upon Jacob and slay him? No! He runs to meet him, falls upon his neck, and kisses him, and they both weep. Then Esau, after he had inquired concerning Jacob's welfare, departed, and Jacob continued his journey.

What an affecting scene is this! Would all my young readers imitate this, and if a Jacob offend them, act the part of an Esau, and embrace, and weep!





The Brigand.

DARK chieftain of the heath and height !
Wild feaster on the hills by night !
See'st thou the stormy sun-set's glow,
Flung back by glancing spears below ?
Now for one strife of stern despair ;
The foe hath tracked thee to thy lair.

Thou—against whom the voice of blood
Hath risen from rock and lonely wood,
And in whose dreams a moan should be
Not of the water, nor the tree !
Haply, thine own last hour is nigh,
Yet shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one, that pale beside thee stands,
More true than all thy mountain bands !
She will not shrink in doubt and dread,
When the balls whistle round thy head ;
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye,
No longer may to her's reply.

Oh ! many a soft and quiet grace
Hath faded from her soul and face ;
And many a thought, the fitting guest
Of woman's meek, religious breast,
Hath perished, in her wanderings wide,
Through the deep forests by thy side.

Yet, mournfully surviving all,
 A flower upon a ruin's wall,
 A friendless thing, whose lot is cast,
 Of lovely ones to be the last;
 Sad, but unchanged through good and ill,
 Thine is her lone devotion still.

And, oh! not wholly lost the heart,
 Where that undying love hath part;
 Not worthless all, though far and long
 From home estranged, and guided wrong;
 Yet may its depths by Heaven be stirred,
 Its prayer for thee be poured and heard!



Field-Teachers.

IN the earlier stages of society, ere the cloud of superstition ~~had been~~ dispelled by the sunlight of truth—and when oral tradition, and those lessons which nature inculcates in the minds of all, were almost the only vehicles of information, it is at first sight somewhat astonishing to see to what power of reasoning and depths of research the sages of old were enabled to arrive at; but, on a closer investigation, our surprise is somewhat lessened; for ~~how impossible~~ is it for man—reasoning, sentient man, formed as he

is for appreciating the wonderful and the sublime—to traverse the earth's emerald plains, without deriving food for the instruction of his mind.

If you have ever read the Bible, you must have discovered that in the most pathetic pleadings of God with the people of Israel, the instructions are drawn from the works of creation with which they were most familiar. The ox and the ass are summoned to reprove the ingratitude of man. The lions of the forest, the birds of the air, the flowers of the field, teach him a lesson, when he would murmur against the decrees of Providence.

“Go to the ant, thou sluggard,” says the wisest of monarchs, “consider her ways, and be wise.” There is a voice full of instruction in the busy movements of that ever active insect, which must make man blush if he spend precious hours in idleness.

The skill of the spider as it weaves its meshy web to entrap the wandering fly. The industry of the bee as it returns to its hive laden with the fruit of its toil. The patience of the ox as he bends his neck to the yoke—all tell a tale which man may derive profit from, and learn to become more wise and more humble.

I once knew an old and grey-headed man; he was full of years and wisdom; and I loved him because he was kind to me. Once he said to me “I know a way to be happy.” Then I asked him to teach it me. He

told me that he had learned it in the fields ; and that I must go and study it there.

Then I went forth, and looked attentively upon all that moved around. But there was no voice to speak to me. So I returned to the old man, and said, I have been into the fields, and I saw the brook rippling on among the sweet flowers, as they bent down their fair heads to its silvery surface with a kiss of gratitude ; I heard the birds singing their merry songs in the trees, or saw them flit by me with food for their young ones. The young lambs frisked around their quiet mothers, as they cropped the tender grass, with the shepherd's faithful dog to watch them. All seemed full of happiness. But when I asked them the *way to be happy*, they made no reply ; I heard nothing save the echo of my own last words, '*happy*.'

"And hast thou looked upon all these," said the old man, "yet received no instruction ? Whither hath thine understanding fled, my child, that from these teachers of the field, there came no lessons to thee ? With different voices they spake, but thou didst not regard them ? Each, in their own language, told thee, that active industry was *happiness*—and that idleness was an offence, both to Nature, and to her God."



